

And thus the king, who had been so long in the country, returned to London.

He was received with great honour and rejoicing by the people.

And he was crowned with great pomp and solemnity.

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BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

The second Booke.

HORAT.

Carminē Dīj superi placantur, carminē Manes.

LONDON:

Printed by THOMAS SNODHAM for GEORGE
NORTON, and are to be sold at the signe of
the Red Bull without Temple-barre.

1616.

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TO THE TRVELY NOBLE AND LEARNED

WILLIAM Earle of *Pembrooke*,
Lord Chamberlayne to his
MAIESTIE, &c.



NOT that the gift (*Great Lord*)
deserues your hand,
(Held euer worth the rarest
workes of men)
Offer I this ; but since in all
our Land

None can more rightly clayme a *Poet's* Pen :
That Noble Bloud and Vertue truely knowne,
VWhich circular in you vnited run,
Makes you each good, and euery good your owne,
If it can hold in what my *Muse* hath done.
But weake and lowly are these tuned Layes,
Yet though but weake to win faire Memorie,
You may improue them, and your gracing raise ;
For things are priz'd as their possessers be.

If for such fauour they haue worthlesse striuen,
Since *Loue* the cause was, be that *Loue* forgiuen !

Your Honors,

W. BROVNE.

TO THE TRAVELLER
NOBLE AND LEARNED

Local Contributions to his
Museum, etc.

[illegible]

To the most ingenious Author
M^r. W. BROVNE.

Ingenious Swaine! that highly dost adorne
Clear Taui! on whose brinck we both were borne!
Iust Praise in me would ne're be thought to moue
From thy sole VVorth, but from my partiall Loue.
Wherefore I will not doe thee so much wrong,
As by such mixture to allay thy Song.
But while kinde strangers rightly praise each Grace
Of thy chaste Muse; I (from the happy Place
That brought thee forth, and thinkes it not vnfit
To boast now, that it earst bred such a VVit,)
Would onely haue it knowne I much reioyce;
To heare such Matters, sung by such a Voyce.

JOHN GLANVILL.

To his Friend M^r. BROVNE.

ALL that doe reade thy Workes, and see thy face,
(Where scarce a haire growes vp, thy chin to grace)
Doe greatly wonder how so youthfull yeeres
Could frame a Worke, where so much worth appears.
To heare how thou describ'st a Tree, a Dale,
A Groue, a Greene, a solitary Vale,
The Euening Showers, and the Morning G'eames,
The golden Mountaines, and the siluer Streames,
How smooth thy Verse is, and how sweet thy Rimes,
How sage, and yet how pleasant are thy Lines;
What more or lesse can there be said by men,
But, *Muses* rule thy Hand, and guide thy Pen.

THO: WENMAN,
e Societate Inter. Templi.

To his worthily-affected Friend

Mr. W. BROVVE.

AWake sad Muse, and thou my sadder spright,
Made so by Time, but more by Fortunes spight :
Awake, and high vs to the Greene,
There shall be seene
The quaintest Lad of all the time
For neater Rime:
Whose free and vnaffected straines
Take all the Swaines
That are not rude and ignorant,
Or Enuy want.

And Enuy lest its hate disconered be
A Courtly Loue and Friendship offers thee :
The Shepardiesses blith and fayre
For thee despayre.
And whosoe're depends on Pan
Holds him a man
Beyond themselves, (if not compare,)
Hee is so rare,
So innocent in all his wayes
As in his Lages.
Hee masters no low soule who hopes to please
The Nephew of the brane Philisides.

Another to the same.

VVEre all mens enuies fixt in one mans lookes,
That Monster that would prey on safest Fame,
Durst not once checke at thine, nor at thy Name :
So hee who men can reade as well as Bookes
Attest thy Lines; thus tryde, they show to vs
As Scæua's Shield, thy Selfe Emeritus.

W. HERBERT.



To my Browne, yet brightest Swaine
That woons, or haunts or Hill or Plaine.

Poeta nascitur.

Pipe on, sweet Swaine, till Ioy, in Blisse, sleepe waking;
Hermes, it seemes, to thee, of all the Swaines,
Hath lent his Pipe and Art : For, thou art making
With sweet Notes (noted) Heav'n of Hills and Plaines !
Nay, if as thou beginn'st, thou dost hold on,
The totall Earth thine Arcadie will bee ;
And Neptunes Monarchy thy Helicon :
So, all in both will make a God of thee.
To whom they will exhibit Sacrifice
Of richest Loue and Praise; and, enuious Swaines
(Charm'd with thine Accents) shall thy Notes agnize
To reach aboue great Pans in all thy Straines.
Than, ply this Veyne : for, it may well containe
The richest Morals vnder poorest Shroud ;
And sith in thee the Pass'rall spirit doth raigne,
On such Wits-Treasures let it sit abroad :
Till it hath hatch'd such Numbers as may buy
Therarest Fame that e're enriched Ayre ;
Or fann'd the Way faire, to ÆTERNITY,
To which, vnsoild, thy Glory shall repaire !
Where (with the Gods that in faire Starrs doe dwell,
When thou shalt, blazing, in a Starre abide)
Thou shalt be stil'd the Shepherds-Starre, to tell
Them many Mysteries; and, be their Guide.
Thus, doe I spurre thee on with sharpest praise,
To vse thy Gifts of Nature, and of Skill,
To double-gilde Apollos Browes, and Bayes,
Yet make great NATURE Arts true Sou'raigne still.
So, Fame shall euer say, to thy renowne,
The Shepherds Starre, or bright'st in Sky, is Browne !

*The true Louer of thine
Art and Nature,*

JOHN DAVIES of Heref.



AD ILLUSTRISSIMUM IUVENEM

GVLIELMVM BROVNE Generosum,

in Operis sui Tomum secundum.

Carmen gratulatorium.

Scripta prius vidi, legi, digitoq; notavi
Carminis istius singula verba meo.
Ex scriptis sparsim quarebam carpere dicta,
Omnia sed par est, aut ego nulla notum.
Filia si fuerit facies hac nata sororis,
Laudator proles solus & Author eris:
Hæc nondum visi qui flagrat amore libelli
Prænarat scriptis omnia certa tuis.

CAROLVS CROKE.

To my noble Friend the Author.

A Perfect Pen, it selfe will euer praise.
So pipes our *Shepherd* in his *Roundelays*,
That who could iudge, of *Musiques* sweetest straine,
Would sweare thy *Muse*, were in a heavenly vayne.

A Worke of worth, showes what the Worke-man is:
When as the fault, that may be found amisse,
(To such at least, as haue iudicious eyes)
Nor in the Worke, nor yet the Worke-man lyes.

Well worthy thou, to weare the *Lawrell* wreathe:
When from thy brest, these blessed thoughts do breathe;
That in thy gracious *Lines* such grace doe giue,
It makes thee, euerlastingly to liue.

Thy words well coucht, thy sweet inuention show,
A perfect Poet, that could place them so.

VNTON CROKE,
è Societate Inter. Templi.

To the Author.

That privilege which others claime,
To flatter with their Friends
With thee (Friend) shall not be mine ayme,
My Verse so much pretends:
The generall Empire of best wit
In this will speake thy fame.
The Muses Minions as they sit,
Will still confirme the same.
Let mee sing him that merits best,
Let others scrape for fashions;
Their buzzing prate thy worth will iest,
And sleight such commendation.

ANTH: VINCENT.

*To his worthy Friend Mr. WILLIAM BROVVNE,
on his BOOKE.*

That Poets are not bred so, but so borne,
Thy Muse it proues; for in her ages morne
Shee hath strooke enny dumbe, and charm'd the loue
Of eu'ry Muse whose birth the Skyes approue.
Goe on; I know thou art too good to feare.
And may thy earely straines affect the eare
Of that rare Lord, who iudge and guerdon can
The richer gifts which doe aduantage man!

JOHN MORGAN,
e Societate Inter. Templi.

OT

To

To his Friend the Author.

Sometimes (deare friend) I make thy Book my meat,
And then I iudge tis Hony that I eate.
Sometimes my drinke it is, and then I thinke
It is Apollo's Nectar, and no drinke.
And being hurt in minde, I keepe in store
Thy Booke, a precious Balsame for the sore.
Tis Hony, Nectar, Balsame most diuine:
Or one word for them all; my Friend, tis thine.

THOMAS HEYGATE, I

ē Societate Inter. Templi.

To his Friend the Author.

IF antique Swaynes wanne such immortall praise,
Though they alone with their melodious Layes,
Did onely charme the Woods and flowry Lawnes:
Satyres, and Floods, and Stones, and hary Fawnes:
How much braue Youth to thy due worth belongs
That charm't not them but men with thy sweet Songs?

AUGVSTVS CESAR, I

ē Societate Inter. Templi.

To

To the Author.

Tis knowne I scorne to flatter (or commend)
What merits not applause though in my Friend:
Which by my censure should now more appeare,
Were this not full as good as thou art deare:
But since thou couldst not (erring) make it so,
That I might my impartiall humour show
By finding fault; Nor one of these friends tell
How to show loue so ill, that I as well
Might paint out mine: I feele an enuious touch,
And tell thee Swaine: that at thy fame I grutch,
Wishing the Art that makes this Poeme shine,
And this thy Worke (wert not thou wronged) mine.
For when Detraction shall forgotten be
This will continue to eternize thee;
And if hereafter any busie wit
Should, wronging thy conceit, miscensure it,
Though seeming learn'd or wise: here bee shall see,
Tis prais'd by wiser and more learn'd then hee.

G. WITHER.

To M^r. BROWNE.

Were there a thought so strange as to deny
That happy Bayes doe some mens Births adorne,
Thy worke alone might serue to iustifie,
That Poets are not made so, but so borne.
How could thy plumes thus soone haue soard thus hie
Hadst thou not Lawrell in thy Cradle worne?
Thy Birth o'er-tooke thy Youth: And it doth make
Thy youth (herein) thine elders ouer-take.

W. B.

To my truly-belou'd Freind,

M^r. BROVNE:

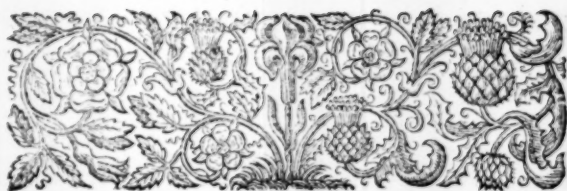
on his *Pastorals*.

Some men, of Bookes or Freinds not speaking right,
 May hurt them more with praise, then Foes with sight.
 But I haue seene thy worke, and I know thee:
 And, if thou list thy selfe, what thou canst bee.
 For, though but early in these pathes thou tread,
 I find thee write most worthy to be read.
 It must be thine owne iudgment, yet, that sends
 This thy worke forth: that iudgment mine commends.
 And, where the most reade bookes, on Authors fames,
 Or, like our Money-Brokers, take up names
 On credit, and are cossen'd; see, that thou
 By offering not more sureties, then inow,
 Hold thyne owne worth vnbroke: which is so good
 Vpon th' Exchange of Letters, as I wou'd
 More of our writers would like thee, not swell
 With the how much they set forth, but th' how well.

BEN. IONSON.

Faults escaped.

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BRITANNIA'S PASTORALS.

THE SECOND BOOKE.

The first Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Marina's freedome now I sing,
And of her new endangering:
Of Famines Cause, and then th'abuse
Tow'rds buried Colyn and his Muse.*



When a Marriner (accounted
lost,)
Vpon the watry *Desert* long time
toft,
In Summers parching heate, in
Winters cold,
In tempests great, in dangers ma-
nifold:

Is by a fau'ring winde drawne vp the Mast,
Whence hee descryes his natiue soyle at last:
For whose glad sight hee gets the hatches vnder,
And to the *Ocean* tels his ioy in thunder,
(Shaking those *Barnacles* into the Sea,
At once, that in the wombe and cradle lay)

B

When

When sodainely the still inconstant winde
Masters before, that did attend behinde;
And growes so violent, that hee is faine
Command the *Pilot* stand to Sea againe;
Least want of Sea-roome in a Channell streight,
Or casting Anchor might cast o're his freight:

Thus gentle *Muse* it happens in my Song,
A iourney, tedious, for a strength so yong
I vnder-tooke: by siluer-seeming Floods,
Past gloomy Bottomes, and high-wauing Woods,
Climb'd Mountaines where the wanton Kidling dallyes,
Then with soft steps enscal'd the meekned Vallyes,
In quest of memory: and had posselt
A pleasant Garden, for a welcome rest
No sooner; then a hundred Theames come on
And hale my Barke a-new for *Helicon*.

Thrice sacred *Powers*! (if sacred Powers there be
Whose mylde aspect engyrland *Poesie*)
Yee happy Sisters of the learned Spring,
Whose heauenly notes the Woods are rauishing!
Braue *Thessian* Maidens, at whose charming layes
Each Moisse-thrumb'd Mountaine bends, each Current
Pierian Singers! O yee blessed *Muses*! (playes!
Who as a lem too deare the world refuses!
Whose truest louers neuer clip with age,
O be propitious in my *Pilgrimage*!
Dwell on my lines! and till the last sand fall,
Run hand in hand with my weake *Pastorall*!
Cause euery coupling cadence flow in blisses,
And fill the world with enuy of such kisses.
Make all the rarest Beauties of our *Clyme*,
That deigne a sweet looke on my younger ryme,
To linger on each lines inticing graces
As on their *Louers* lips and chaste imbraces!

Through rouling trenches, of self-drowning waues,
Where stormy gusts throw vp vntimely graues,
By billowes whose white fome shew'd angry mindes,
For not out-roaring all the high-raisd wyndes,
Into the euer-drinking thirsty Sea
By Rockes that vnder water hidden lay,

To shipwracke passengers, (So in some den
 Theeves bent to robbry watch way-faring men.)
 Fairest *Marina*, whom I whilome sung,
 In all this tempest (violent though long)
 Without all sence of danger lay asleepe:
 Till tossed where the still inconstant deepe
 With wide spread armes, stood ready for the tender
 Of daily tribute, that the swolne floods render
 Into her Chequer: (whence as worthy Kings
 Shee helps the wants of thousands lesser Springs :)
 Here waxt the windes dumbe (shut vp in their caues)
 As still as mid-night were the sullen waues,
 And *Neptunes* siluer-euer-shaking brest
 As smooth as when the *Halcyon* builds her nest.
 None other wrinckles on his face were seene
 Then on a fertile Meade, or sportiue Greene,
 Where neuer Plow-share ript his mothers wombe
 To giue an aged seed a liuing tombe,
 Nor blinded *Mole* the bating earth ere stird,
 Nor Boyes made Pit-fals for the hungry Bird.
 The whistling Reedes vpon the waters side
 Shot vp their sharpe heads in a stately pride,
 And nor a bynding Ozyer bow'd his head,
 But on his roote him brauely carryed.
 No dandling leafe plaid with the subtrill ayre,
 So smooth the Sea was, and the Skye so fayre.

Now with his hands in stead of broad-palm'd Oares,
 The Swaine attempts to get the shell-strewd shores,
 And with continuall lading making way,
 Thrust the small Boate, into as fayre a Bay
 As euer Merchant wilht might be the rode
 Wherein to ease his sea-torne Vessels lode.
 It was an island (hugg'd in *Neptunes* armes,
 As tending it against all forraigne harmes,)
 And *Mons* height: so amiably fayre,
 So rich in soyle, so healthfull in her ayre,
 So quicke in her encrease, (each dewy night
 Yeelding that ground as greene, as fresh of plight
 As 't was the day before, whereon then fed
 Of gallant Steeres, full many a thousand head.)

* Non Nam
Sumbp.

Retant Classen
omnibus bonis
omniam, prospera
in ventis mare
fulcantes, in To-
tenesio littore
feliciter applica-
runt, Galf.
Monum.

* Hebe.

So deckt with Floods, so pleasant in her Groues,
So full of well-fleec'd Flockes and fatted Droues;
That the braue issue of the *Troian* line,
(Whose worths, like Diamonds, yet in darknesse shine,) Whose deeds were sung by learned *Bards* as hye,
In raptures of immortal Poesie,
As any Nations, since the Grecian Lads
Were famous made by *Homers Iliads*.)

Those braue heroicke spirits, twixt one another
Prouerbiably call * *Mona Cambria's Mother*.

Yet *Cambria* is a land from whence haue come
Worthies well worth the race of *Ilium*.

Whose true desert of praise could my Muse touch,
I should be proud that I had done so much.

And though of mighty *Brute* I cannot boast,

Yet doth our warlike strong *Denonian* coast

Resound his worth, since on her waue-worne strand

Hee and his *Troians* first set foot on land,

Strooke Saile, and Anchor cast on * *Totnes* shore.

Though now no Ship can ride there any more.

In th' Islands Rode the Swaine now moares his Boate

Vnto a Willow, (least it outwards floate)

And with a rude embracement taking vp

The Maid (more faire then * *Shee* that fill'd the cup

Of the great Thunderer, wounding with her eyes

More harts then all the troopes of Deities).

Hee wades to shore, and sets her on the sand,

That gently yeelded when her foot should land.

Where bubling waters through the pibbles fleet,

As if they stroue to kisse her slender feet.

Whilst like a wretch, whose curst hand hath tane

The sacred reliques from a holy *Phane*,

Feeling the hand of heauen (inforcing wonder)

In his returne, in dreadfull cracks of thunder,

Within a bush his Sacriledge hath left,

And thinks his punishment freed with the theft:

So fled the Swaine, from one; had *Neptune* spide

At halfe an ebbe; hee would haue forc'd the Tyde

To swell anew; whereon his Carre should sweep,

Deckt with the riches of th' vnfounde deepe,

And

And he from thence, would with all state, on shore,
To wooe this beautie, and to wooe no more.

Diuine *Electra* (of the Sisters seauen
That beautifie the glorious *Orbe* of heauen)
When *Ilium* stately towres, serv'd as one light
To guide the *Rauisher* in vgly night
Vnto her virgin beds, with-drew her face,
And neuer would looke downe on humane race
Til this Maids birth; since when some power hath won her
By often fits to shine, as gazing on her.
Grim *Saturnes* sonne, the dread *Olimpicke Ioue*
That dark't three dayes to frolicke with his Lone,
Had he in *Alcmen's* stead clipt this faire wight,
The world had slept in euerlasting night.
For whose sake onely, (had she liued then)
Deucalions flood had neuer rag'd on men:
Nor *Phaeton* perform'd his fathers duty,
For feare to rob the world of such a beauty:
In whose due praise, a learned quill might spend
Houres, dayes, months, yeeres, and neuer make an end.

What wretch inhumane? or what wilder blood
(Suckt in a desert from a *Tigers* brood)
Could leaue her so disconsolate? but one
Bred in the waists of frost-bit *Calydon*;
For had his veynes beene heat with milder ayre,
He had not wrong'd so foule, a Maide so faire.

Sing on sweet *Muse*, and whilst I feed mine eyes
Vpon a Jewell and vualued prize,
As bright a *Starre*, a *Dame*, as faire, as chaste,
As eye beheld, or shall, till *Natures* last,
Charme her quicke senses! and with raptures sweet
Make her affection with your cadence meet!
And if her gracefull tongue admire one straine
It is the best reward my *Pipe* would gaine.
In lieu whereof, in *Laurell*-worthy rymes
Her *Loue* shall liue vntill the end of times,
And spite of age, the last of dayes shall see
Her *Name* embalm'd in sacred *Poesie*.

Sadly alone vpon the aged rocks,
Whom *Thetis* grac'd in washing off their locks

Of branching *Sampire*, fate the Maid o'retaken
 With sighes and teares, vnfortunate, forsaken,
 And with a voyce that floods from rocks would borrow,
 She thus both wept and sung her noates of sorrow.

If *Heauen* be deafe and will not heare my cries,
 But addes new dayes to adde new miseries;
 Heare then ye troubled *Wau'es* and flitting *Gales*,
 That coole the bosomes of the fruitfull *Vales* !
 Lend, one, a flood of *teares*, the other, *winde*,
 To weepe and sigh that *Heauen* is so vnkinde !
 But if yee will not spare, of all your store
 One teare, or sigh, vnto a wretch so poore;
 Yet as yee trauell on this spacious *Round*,
 Through *Forrests*, *Mountaines*, or the *Lawny ground*,
 If 't happ' you see a Maide weepe forth her woe,
 As I haue done; Oh bid her as ye goe
 Not lauish teares ! for when her owne are gone,
 The world is flinty and will lend her none.
 If this becke denyde; O hearken then
 Each hollow vaulted *Rocke*, and crooked *Den* !
 And if within your sides one *Eccho* be
 Let her begin to rue my destinie !
 And in your clefts her plainings doe not smother,
 But let that *Eccho* teach it to another !
 Till round the world in sounding coombe and plaine,
 The last of them tell it the first againe:
 Of my sad Fate so shall they neuer lin
 But where one ends, another still begin.
 Wretch that I am, my words I vainely waste,
Eccho, of all woes, onely speakes the last;
 And that's enough : for should she vtter all,
 As at *Medusa's* head, each heart would fall
 Into a flinty substance, and repine
 At no one griefe, except as great as mine.
 No carefull Nurse would wet her watchfull eye,
 When any pang should gripe her infantry,
 Nor though to *Nature* it obedience gaue,
 And kneeld, to doe her *Homage*, in the graue,
 Would shee lament, her suckling from her torne:
 Scaping by death those torments I haue borne.

This

This sigh'd, shee wept (low leaning on her hand)
 Her briny teares downe rayning on the sand,
 Which scene by (them, that sport it in the Seas
 On *Dolphins* backs) the faire *Nereides*,
 They came on shore, and flily as they fell
 Conuaid each teare into an Oyster-shell,
 And by some power that did affect the *Girles*,
 Transform'd those liquid drops to oryent Pearles,
 And strew'd them on the shore : for whose rich prize
 In winged *Pines*, the *Romane Colonies*
 Flung through the deep *Abyssse* to our white rockes
 For Iems to decke their *Ladies* golden lockes :
 Who valed them as highly in their kindes
 As those the Sun-burnt *Aethiopian* findes.

Long on the shore, distrest *Marina* lay :
 For he that ope's the pleasant sweets of *May*
 Beyond the *Noon-stead* so farre drone his teame,
 That Haruest-folkes (with curds and clouted creame,
 With cheese and butter, cakes, and cates ynow
 That are the *Yeomans* from the yoake or Cowe)
 On sheafes of corne were at their noonshuns close,
 Whilst by them merrily the *Bag-pipe* goes :
 Ere from her hand she lifted vp her head,
 Where all the *Graces* then inhabited.
 When casting round her ouer-drowned eyes,
 (So haue I seene a Iemme of mickle price
 Roule in a *Scallop-shell* with water filld)
 She, on a marble rocke at hand behild
 In Characters deepe cut with Iron stroke,
 A Shepherds moane, which read by her, thus spoke :

Glide soft ye siluer Floods,

And euery Spring :

Within the shady Woods,

Let no Bird sing !

Nor from the Groue a Turtle Doue,

Be scene to couple with her loue,

But silence on each Dale and Mountaine dwell

Whilst WILLY bids his friend and ioy Farewell.

But

But (of great Thetis trayne)
 Yee Mermaides faire,
 That on the shores doe plaine
 Your Sea-green haire,
 As yee in tramels knit your locks
 Weepe yee; and so inforce the rocks
 In heauy murmures through the broad shores tell,
 How WILLY bad his friend and ioy Farewell.

Cease, cease, yee murdering winds
 To mone a wane;
 But if with troubled minds
 You seeke his graue;
 Know 'tis as various as your selues
 Now in the deepe, then on the shelues,
 His coffin tosd by fish and surges fell,
 Whilst WILLY weepes and bids all ioy Farewell.

Had he Arion like
 Beene iudg'd to drowne,
 Hee on his Lute could strike
 So rare a soun;
 A thousand Dolphins would haue come
 And ioyntly strive to bring him home.
 But he on Ship-board Ayde, by sicknesse fell,
 Since when his WILLY bad all ioy Farewell.

Great Neptune heare a Swaine!
 His Coffin take,
 And with a golden chaine
 (For pittie) make
 It fast vnto a rocke neere land!
 Where eu'ry calmy morne Ile stand
 And ere one sheepe out of my fold I sell,
 Sad WILLY'S Pipe shall bid his friend Farewell.

Ah heauy Shepheard (who so ere thou be)
 Quoth faire Marina I doe pittie thee:
 For who by death is in a true friend crost,
 Till he be earth he halfe himselfe hath lost.

More

More happy deeme I thee, lamented Swaine,
 Whose body lyes among the scaly traine,
 Since I shall neuer thinke, that thou canst dye,
 Whilst *WILLY* liues, or any Poetry.
 For well it seemes in versing he hath skill,
 And though he (ayded from the sacred *Hill*,)
 To thee with him no equall life can giue
 Yet by his pen thou maist for euer liue.
 With this a beame of sudden brightnes flies
 Vpon her face, so dazeling her cleare eyes;
 That neyther flowre nor grasse which by her grew
 She could discerne cloath'd in their perfect hue.
 For as a *Wag* (to sport with such as passe)
 Taking the *Sun-beames* in a *Looking-glasse*,
 Conuayes the Ray into the eyes of one,
 Who (blinded) eyther stumbles at a stone,
 Or as he dazeled walkes the peopled streets
 Is ready iustling euery man he meets:
 So then *Apollo* did in glory cast
 His bright beames on a rocke with gold enchaist,
 And thence the swift reflection of their light
 Blinded those eyes: The chiefeest Starres of night.
 When streight a thick-swolne Cloud (as if it sought
 In beauties minde to haue a thankfull thought)
 Inuayl'd the lustre of great *Tiāns Carre*,
 And shee beheld, from whence shee fate not farre,
 Cut on a high-brow'd Rocke (inlaid with gold)
 This *Epitaph*, and read it, thus enrold.

*In depth of waues long hath ALEXIS slept,
 So choicest Jewels are the closest kept;
 Whose death the land had seene, but it appears
 To counteruaile his losse, men wanted teares.
 So here he lyes, whose Dirge each Mermaid sings,
 For whom the Clouds weepe raine, the Earth her springs.*

Her eyes these lines acquainted with her minde
 Had scarcely made; when o're the hill behinde
 Shee heard a woman cry; *Ah well-a-day,*
 What shall I doe? goe home, or flye, or stay.

C

Admir'd

Admir'd *Marina* rose, and with a pace
 As gracefull as the *Goddes* did trace
 O're stately *Ida*, (when fond *Paris* doome
 Kindled the fire, should mighty *Troy* entoombe.)
 Shee went to aide the woman in distresse,
 (True beauty neuer was found mercilesse)
 Yet durst shee not goe nye, least (being spide)
 Some villaines outrage, that might then betyde
 (For ought shee knew) vnto the crying Maide,
 * Might graspe with her: by thickets which aray'd
 The high Sea-bounding hill, so neare she went,
 She saw what wight made such lowd dreriment.
 Lowd? yes: sung right: for since the Azure skye
 Imprison'd first the world, a mortals cry
 With greater clangor neuer pierc'd the ayre.

A wight she was so farre from being faire;
 None could be foule esteem'd, compar'd with her.

Describing *Foulnes*, pardon if I erre
 Yee Shepheards Daughters, and yee gentle Swaines!
 My *Muse* would gladly chaunt more louely straines:
 Yet since on miry grounds shee trode, for doubt
 Of sinking, all in haste, thus wades shee out.

As when great *Neptune* in his height of pride
 The inland creekes fills with a high Spring-tyde,
 Great sholes of fish, among the *Oysters* hye,
 Which by a quicke ebbe, on the shores, left dry,
 The fishes yawne, the *Oysters* gapen wide:
 So broad her mouth was: As shee stood and cride,
 Shee tore her elvish knots of hayre, as blacke
 And full of dust as any *Collyers* lacke.
 Her eyes vnlike, were like her body right,
 Squint and milhapen, one dun, t'other white.

As in a picture limb'd vnto the life,
 Or carued by a curious workmans knife,
 If twenty men at once should come to see
 The great effects of vntirde industry,
 Each seu'rally would thinke the pictures eye
 Was fixt on him, and on no stander by:
 So as shee (bawling) was vpon the bancke,
 If twice fife hundred men stood on a rancke,

Her

Song 1. *Britannia's Pastora's.*

11

Her ill-face towrds them; euery one would say
 She lookes on mee; when shee another way
 Had cast her eyes, as on some rocke or tree,
 And on no one of all that company.
 Her *Nose* (a crooked nose) her mouth ore-hung,
 And it would be directed by her tongue:
 Her *Fore-head* such; as one might neere avow
 Some Plow-man, there, had lately beene at plow.
 Her *Face* so scorcht was, and so vyld it showes,
 As on a Peare-tree she had scar'd the *Crowes*.
 Within a *Tanners fat* I oft haue eyde
 (That three moones there had laine) a large *Oxe-hyde*
 In liquor mixt with strongest barke, (for gaine)
 Yet had not tane one halfe so deepe a staine
 As had her skin: and that, as hard well-nye
 As any Brawnes, long hardned in the sty.
 Her *Shoulders* such, as I haue often seene
 A silly Cottage on a Village greene
 Might change his corner posts, in good behoofe,
 For foure such vnder-proppers to his rooffe.
 Huswiues, goe, hire her; if you yearly gaue
 A Lamkin more then vse, you that might saue
 In washing Beetles; for her hands would passe
 To serue that purpose, though you daily walk.
 For other hidden parts, thus much I say:
 As *Ballad-mongers* on a *Market-day*
 Taking their stand, one (with as harsh a noyce
 As euer Cart-wheele made) squeakes the sad choice
 Of *Tom* the *Miller* with a golden thumbe,
 Who crost in loue, ran mad, and deafe, and dumbe,
 Halfe part he chants, and will not sing it out,
 But thus bespeakes to his attentiu rout:
 Thus much for loue I warbled from my brest,
 And gentle friends, for mony take the rest:
 So speake I to the ouer-longing eare,
 That would the rest of her description heare,
 Much haue I sung for loue, the rest (not common)
Martial will shew for coyne, in 's crabbed woman.
 If ere you saw a *Pedant* gin prepare
 To speake some gracefull speech to *Master Maior*,

C 2

And

And being bathfull, with a quaking doubt
 That in his eloquence hee may be out;
 He oft steps forth, as oft turnes backe againe;
 And long 'tis ere he ope his learned veyne:
 Thinke so *Marina* stood: for now she thought
 To venture forth, then some coniecture wrought
 Her to be iealous, least this vgly wight
 (Since like a *Witch* shee lookt) through spels of night,
 Might make her body thrall (that yet was free,)
 To all the foule intents of *Witchery*:
 This drew her backe againe. At last she broke
 Through all fond doubts, went to her, and bespoke
 In gentle manner thus: Good day, good Maide;
 With that her cry she on a sodaine staid,
 And rub'd her squint eyes with her mighty fist.
 But as a *Miller* hauing ground his grist,
 Lets downe his flood-gates with a speedy fall,
 And quarring vp the passage therewithall,
 The waters swell in spleene, and neuer stay
 Till by some cleft they finde another way:
 So when her teares were stopt from eyther eye
 Her singults, blubbrings, seem'd to make them flye
 Out at her Oyster-mouth and Nose-thrills wyde.
 Can there (quoth faire *Marina*) ere betide
 (In these sweet Groues,) a wench, so great a wrong,
 That should inforce a cry so loud, so long?
 On these delightfull Plaines how can there be
 So much as heard the name of villany?
 Except when Shepheards in their gladsome fit
 Sing *Hymnes* to *Pan* that they are free from it.
 But shew me, what hath caus'd thy grievous yell?
 As late (quoth shee) I went to yonder Well,
 (You cannot see it here; that Groue, doth couer
 With his thicke boughes his little channell ouer.)
 To fetch some water (as I vse) to dresse
 My Masters supper, (you may thinke of flesh;
 But well I wot he tasteth no such dish)
 Of Rotchets, Whitings, or such common fish,
 That with his net he draggs into his Boate.
 Among the Flags below, there stands his Coate

(A simple one) thatch'd o're with Reede and Broome;
It hath a Kitchin, and a feuerall roome
For each of vs. But this is nought : you flee
Replyde *Marine*, I prithee answere me
To what I question'd. Doe but heare me first,
Answer'd the Hag. Hee is a man so curst,
Although I toyle at home, and serue his Swine,
Yet scarce allowes he me whereon to dine :
In Summer time on Black-berries I liue,
On Crabs and Hawes, and what wilde Forrests giue :
In Winters cold, bare-foot, I run to seeke
For Oysters and small Wrinckles in each creeke,
Whereon I feed, and on the Meager Slone.
But if hee home returne and finde me gone,
I still am sure to feele his heavy hand.
Alas and weale away, since now I stand
In such a plight : for if I seeke his dore
Hee'l beate me ten times worse then ere before.
What hast thou done ? (yet askt *Marina*) say ?
I with my pitcher lately tooke my way
(As late I said) to thilke same shaded Spring,
Fill'd it, and homewards, rais'd my voyce to sing;
But in my backe returne, I (haples) spyde
A tree of Cherries wilde, and them I eyde
With such a longing, that vnwares my foot
Got vnderneath a hollow-growing root,
Carrying my pot as Maides vse on their heads,
I fell with it, and broke it all to shreads.
This is my griefe, this is my cause of mone.
And if some kinde wight goe not to attone
My surly Master with me wretched Maid,
I shall be beaten dead. Be not afraid,
Said sweet *Marina*, hasten thee before;
Ile come to make thy peace : for since I fore
Doe hunger, and at home thou hast small cheere,
(Need and supply grow farre off, seldome neere.)
To yonder Groue Ile goe, to taste the spring,
And see what it affords for nourishing.
Thus parted they. And sad *Marina* blest
The houre thee met the Maid, who did invest

Her

Her in assured hope, she once should see
 Her Flocke againe (and driue them merrily
 To their flowre-decked layre, and tread the shores
 Of pleasant *Albion*,) through the well poys'd Oares
 Of the poore Fisher-man that dwelt thereby.

But as a man who in a *Lottery*
 Hath ventur'd of his coyne, ere he haue ought,
 Thinks this or that shall with his Prize be bought,
 And so enricht, march with the better rancke,
 When sodainly hee's call'd, and all is Blancke:
 To chaste *Marina* so doth *Fortune* proue,
 "Statefmen and shee are neuer firme in loue."

The descripti-
 on of *Famine*.

No sooner had *Marina* got the wood,
 But as the trees thee neerly search'd for food;
 A Villaine, leane, as any rake appeares,
 That look't, as pinch'd with famine, *Egypt's* yeeres,
 Worne out and wasted to the pithlesse bone,
 As one that had a long Consumption.
 His rusty teeth (forfaken of his lips
 As they had seru'd with *want* two Prentiships)
 Did through his pallid cheekes, and lankest skin
 Bewray what number were enranckt within.
 His greedy eyes deep sunck into his head,
 Which with a rough hayre was o're couered.
 How many bones made vp this starued wight
 Was soone perceiu'd; a man of dimmest sight
 Apparantly might see them knit, and tell
 How all his veynes and euery sinew fell.
 His belly (inwards drawne) his bowels prest,
 His vnfill'd skin hung dangling on his brest,
 His feeble knees with paine enough vphold
 That pined carkasse, casten, in a mold
 Cut out by Deaths grim forme. If small legs wan
 Euer the title of a Gentleman;
 His did acquire it. In his flesh pull'd downe
 As hee had liu'd in a beleaguerd towne,
 Where *Plenty* had so long estranged beene
 That men most worthy noate, in grieve were seene
 (Though they reioyc'd to haue attain'd such meat)
 Of Rats, and halfe-tann'd Hydes, with stomackes great,
 Gladly

Gladly to feed : and where a Nurse, most vilde
Druncke her owne milke, and staru'd her crying childe.
Yet hee through want of food not thus became :
But *Nature* first decreed, That as the flame
Is neuer seene to flye his nourishment,
But all consumes : and still the more is lent
The more it couets. And as all the Floods
(Downe trenching from small groues, and greater woods)
The vast insatiate Sea doth still deuoure,
And yet his thirst not quenched by their power :
So euer should befall this starued wight;
The more his vyands, more his appetite.
What ere the deepes bring forth, or earth, or ayre,
He rauine should, and want in greatest fare.
And what a Citie twice seauen yeeres would serue,
He should deuoure, and yet be like to starue.
A wretch so empty; that if e're there be
In *Nature* found the least *vacuitie*,
'Twill be in him. The graue to *Ceres* store;
A *Caniball* to labrers old and poore;
A *Sponge-like-Dropsie*, drinking till it burst;
The *Sicknes* tearm'd the *Wolfe*, vilde and accurst;
In some respects like th' art of *Alchemy*
That thrives least, when it long'st doth multiply :
Limos he cleeped was : whose long-nayl'd paw
Seizing *Marina*, and his sharpe-fang'd iaw
(The strongest part he had) fixt in her weeds,
He forc'd her thence, through thickets and high Reeds,
Towards his Caue. Her fate the swift windes rue,
And round the Groue in heavy murmures flew.
The limbes of trees, that (as in loue with eyther)
In close imbracements long had liu'd together,
Rubb'd each on other, and in shreeks did shew
The windes had mou'd more partners of their woe.
Olde and decayed stockes, that long time spent
Vpon their armes, their rootes chiefe nourishment;
And that drawne dry, as freely did impart
Their boughes a feeding on their fathers hart,
Yet by respectlesse impes when all was gone,
Pithlesse and saplesse, naked left alone,

Their

Their hollow truncks, fill'd with their neighbors moanes,
Sent from a thousand vents ten thousand groanes.
All Birds flew from the wood, as they had been
Scar'd with a strong Bolt ratling 'mong the treen.

Limos with his sweet theft full silyl rulhes
Through sharp-hook'd Brambles, Thornes and tangling
Whose tenters sticking in her garments, sought (bulhes,
(Poore shrubs) to help her, but auailing nought,
As angry (best intents miss'd best proceeding)
They scratch'd his face and legs, cleere water bleeding.
Not greater haste a fearefull school-boy makes
Out of an Orchard whence by stealth he takes
A churlish Farmers Plums, sweet Peares or Grapes,
Then *Limos* did, as from the *thicke* he escapes
Downe to the shore. Where resting him a space,
Restlesse *Marina* gan entreat for grace
Of one whose knowing it as desprate stood,
As where each day to get supply of food.
O! had she (thirsty) such intreaty made
At some high Rocke, proud of his euening shade,
Hee would haue burst in two, and from his veynes
(For her auaille) vpon the vnder *Plaines*
A hundred springs a hundred wayes should swimme,
To shew her teares inforced floods from him.
Had such an Oratresse beene heard to plead
For faire *Polixena*, the *Murthrs* head
Had beene her pardon, and so scap'd that shocke,
Which made her louers toombe her dying blocke.
Not an inraged *Lion*, surly, wood,
No *Tyger* rest her yong, nor sauage brood,
No, not the foaming *Boare*, that durst approue
Loueleffe to leaue the mighty *Queene* of *Loue*,
But her sad plaints, their vncouth walkes among
Spent, in sweet numbers from her golden tongue,
So much their great hearts would in softnes steepe,
They at her foot would groueling lye, and weepe.
Yet now (alas!) nor words, nor floods of teares
Did ought auaille. *The belly hath no eares.*

As I haue knowne a man loath meet with gaine
That carrieth in his front least shew of paine,

Who

Who for his vittails all his rayment pledges,
 Whose stacks for firing are his neighbours hedges,
 From whence returning with a burden great,
 Wearied, on some greene bancke he takes his seat,
 But fearefull (as still theft is in his stay)
 Gets quickly vp, and hasteth fast away:
 So *Limos* sooner eased then yrested
 Was vp, and through the Reeds (as much molested
 As in the Brakes) who louingly combine,
 And for her ayde together twist and twine,
 Now manacling his hands, then on his legs
 Like fetters hang the vnder growing Segs:
 And had his teeth not beene of strongest hold,
 He there had left his prey. Fates vncontrold,
 Denide so great a blisse to Plants or men,
 And lent him strength to bring her to his den.
 West, in *Apollo's* course to *Tagus* streame,
 Crown'd with a siluer circling Dyademe
 Of wet exhaled mists, there stood a pile
 Of aged Rockes, (torn from the neighbour Ile
 And girt with waues,) against whose naked brest
 The furies tilted, on his snowy crest
 The trowning *Falcon* whilome built, and Kings
 Stroue for that *Eirie*, on whose scaling wings,
 Monarchs, in gold refin'd as much would lay
 As might a month their Army Royall pay.
 Braue Birds they were, whose quick selfe-less ning kin
 Still wonne the girlonds from the *Peregrin*.
 Not *Cerna Ile* in *Affricks* siluer mayne,
 Nor lustfull-bloody *Tereus* *Thracian* strayne,
 Nor any other Lording of the ayre
 Durst with this *Eirie* for their wing compare.
 About his sides a thousand *Seaguls* bred,
 The *Meny*, and the *Halcyon* famosed
 For colours rare, and for the peacefull Seas
 Round the *Sicilian* coast, her brooding dayes,
Puffins (as thicke as *Starlings* in a Fen)
 Were fetcht from thence: there sate the *Pewee* hen,
 And in the clefts the *Martin* built his nest.
 But those by this curst carcase dispossess

* A Falcon dif-
 fering from the
 Falcon-gentle,

Of roost and nest, the least; of life, the most :
 All left that place, and sought a safer coast.
 In stead of them the *Caterpillar* hants,
 And *Cancer-worme* among the tender plants,
 That here and there in nooks and corners grew;
 Of *Cormorants* and *Locusts* not a few;
 The cramming *Rauen*, and a hundred more
 Deuouring creatures; yet when from the shore
Limos came wading (as he easily might
 Except at high tydes,) all would take their flight,
 Or hide themselves in some deepe hole or other
 Least one deuourer should deuoure another.

Neere to the shore that bord' red on the Rocke
 No merry Swaine was seene to feed his Flocke,
 No iusty Neat-heard thither droue his Kine,
 Nor boorish Hog-heard fed his rooting Swine :
 A stony ground it was, sweet *Herbage* fail'd :
 Nought there but weeds, which *Limos* strongly nayl'd
 Tore from their mothers brest, to stuffe his maw.
 No Crab-tree bore his load, nor Thorne his hawe
 As in a Forrest well compleat with Deere
 We see the Hollies, Ashes, euery where
 Rob'd of their cloathing by the browsing Game :
 So neere the Rocke, all trees where eie you came
 To cold *Decembers* wrath stood void of barke.
 Here danc'd no *Nymph*, no early-rising *Larke*
 Sung vp the Plow-man and his drowlie mate :
 All round the Rocke barren and desolate.

The description
 of the Cause
 of Famine.

In midst of that huge pyle was *Limos* Caue
 Full large and round, wherein a Millers knaue
 Might for his Horse and Querne haue roome at will :
 Where was out-drawne by some inforced skill,
 What mighty conquests were atchieu'd by him.
 First stood the siege of great *Ierusalem*,
 Within whose triple wall and sacred Citie
 (Weepe ye stone-hearted men ! oh read and pittie !
 Tis *Sions* cause inuokes your briny teares :
 Can any dry eye be when she appears
 As I must sing her ? oh, if such there be;
 Fly, fly th'abode of men ! and hasten thee

Into

Into the Desart, some high Mountaine vnder,
 Or at thee boyes will hisse and old men wonder.)
 Here sits a mother weeping, pale and wan,
 With fixed eyes, whose hopeles thought seem'd ran
 How (since for many dayes no food shee tasted,
 Her Meale, her Oyle consum'd, all spent, all wasted)
 For one poore day she might attaine supply,
 And desp'rate of ought else, sit, pine, and dye.
 At last her minde meets with her tender childe
 That in the Cradle lay (of Ozyers wilde,)
 Which taken in her armes, she giues the teate,
 From whence the little wretch with labour great
 Not one poore drop can sucke: whereat she wood,
 Cries out, ô heauen! are all the founts of food
 Exhausted quite? and must my Infant yong
 Be fed with shooes? yet wanting those ere long,
 Feed on it selfe? No: first the roome that gaue
 Him soule and life, shall be his timelesse graue:
 My dug, thy best reliefe, through griping hunger
 Flow now no more my babe; Then since no longer
 By me thou canst be fed nor any other,
 Be thou the Nurse, and feede thy dying Mother.
 Then in another place she straight appears
 Seething her suckling in her scalding teares.
 From whence not farre the *Painter* made her stand
 Tearing his sod flesh with her cruell hand,
 In gobbets which she ate. O cursed wombe,
 That to thy selfe art both the graue and tombe.

A little sweet lad (there) seemes to entreat
 (With held vp hands) his famillt Sire for meate,
 Who wanting ought to giue his hoped ioy
 But throbs and sighes; the ouer hungry boy,
 For some poore bit, in darke nookes making quest,
 His Sachell findes, which growes a glad some feast
 To him and both his Parents. Then, next day
 He chews the points, wherewith he vs'd to play:
 Deuouring last his Bookes of euery kinde,
 They fed his body which should feede his minde:
 But when his Sachell, Points, Bookes all were gone,
 Before his Sire, he droopes, and dyes anone.

In height of Art then had the Worke-man done,
 A pious, zealous, most religious sonne,
 Who on the enemy excurſion made,
 And ſpite of danger ſtrongly did invade
 Their vittailes convoy, bringing from them home
 Dry'd figs, Dates, Almonds, and ſuch fruits as come
 To the beleagring foe, and fate's the want
 Therewith of thoſe, who, from a tender plant
 Bred him a man for armes: thus off he went,
 And Storke-like fought his Parents nourishment,
 Till Fates decreed, he on the *Roman* Spears
 Should giue his bloud for them, who gaue him theirs.
 A Million of ſuch throes did *Famine* bring
 Vpon the Citie of the mighty King,
 Till, as her people, all her buildings rare
 Conſum'd themſelues and dim'd the lightſome ayre.

Neere this the curious Pencil did expreſſe
 A large and ſolitary wilderneſſe,
 Whoſe high well limned Oakes in growing ſhow'd
 As they would eaſe ſtrong *Atlas* of his load:
 Here vnderneath a tree in heavy plight
 (Her bread and pot of water waſted quite)
Egyptian Hagar, (nipt with hunger fell)
 Sate rob'd of hope: her Infant *Iſmael*
 (Farre from her being laid) full ſadly ſeem'd
 To cry for meate, his cry ſhe nought eſteem'd,
 But kept her ſtill, and turn'd her face away,
 Knowing all meanes were bootleſſe to aſſay
 In ſuch a Deſert: and ſince now they muſt
 Sleepe their eternall ſleepe, and cleaue to duſt,
 She choſe (apart) to graſpe one death, alone,
 Rather then by her babe a million.

Then *Eriſichthon's* caſe in *Onids* Song
 Was portrayed out; and many moe along
 The inſides of the *Caue*; which were deſcribe
 By many loope-holes round on euery ſide.

Theſe faire *Marina* view'd, left all alone,
 The *Caue* faſt ſhut. *Linos* for pillage gone:
 Neere the waſh'd ſhore mong roots and breers, & thorns,
 A Bullocke findes, who deluing with his hornes

The hurtlesse earth, (the while his tough hoofe toore
 The yeelding turffe) in furious rage he bore
 His head among the boughs that held it round,
 While with his bellowes all the earth resound:
 Him *Lima* kil'd, and hal'd with no small paine
 Vnto the Rocks, fed well; then goes againe:
 Which seru'd *Marina* fit, for had his food
 Fail'd him, her veynes had fail'd their deereft blood.

Now great *Hyperion* left his golden throne
 That on the dancing waues in glory shone,
 For whose declining on the *Western* shore
 The orientall hills blacke mantles wore,
 And thence apace the gentle *Twi-light* fled,
 That had from hideous cauernes vihered
 All-drowfie *Night*; who in a Carre of Ier,
 By Steeds of Iron-gray (which mainly swer
 Moist drops on all the world) drawne through the skye,
 The helpes of darknesse waited orderly.
 First, thicke clouds rose from all the liquid plaines:
 Then mists from Marishes, and grounds whose veynes
 Were Conduit pipes to many a cristall spring:
 From standing Pooles and Fens were following
 Vnhealthy fogs: each Riuer, every Rill
 Sent vp their vapours to attend her will.
 These, pitchy curtaines drew, twixt earth and heauen.
 And as *Nights* Chariot through the ayre was driuen,
Clamour grew dumb, vnheard was Shepherds song,
 And silence girt the Woods; no warbling tongue
 Talk'd to the *Ecche*; *Satyres* broke their dance,
 And all the vpper world lay in a trance.
 Onely the curled streames soft chidings kept,
 And little gales that from the greene leaf swept
 Dry Summers dust, in fearefull whisp'rings stir'd,
 As loath to waken any singing Bird.

Darknesse no lesse then blinde *Cimmerian*
 Of *Famines* caue the full possession wan,
 Where lay the Shepherdesse inwrapt with night,
 (The wished garment of a mournfull wight)
 Here silken slumbers and refreshing sleepe
 Were seldome found; with quiet mindes those keepe,

Not

Not with disturbed thoughts; the beds of Kings
Are neuer prest by them, sweet rest in rings
The tyred body of the swarty Clowne,
And oftner lies on *flocks* then softest *downe*.

Twice had the Cocke crowne, and in Cities strong
The *Bel-mans* dolefull noyse and carefull song,
Told men, whose watchfull eyes no slumber hent,
What store of houres theft-guilty night had spent.
Yet had not *Morpheus* with this Maiden been,
As fearing *Limos*; (whose impetuous teen
Kept gentle rest from all to whom his cause
Yielded inclosure (deadly as the graue.)
But to all sad laments left her (forlorne)
In which three watches she had nye outworne.

Faire siluer-footed *Thetis* that time threw
Along the *Ocean* with a beautilous crew
Of her attending Sea-nymphes (*Ioues* bright Lamps
Guiding from Rockes her Chariots * *Hyppocamps*.)
A iourney; onely made, vnwares to spye
If any *Mighties* of her Empery
Opprest the least, and forc'd the weaker sort
To their designs, by being great in Court.

* Sea-horses.

O ! should all Potentates whose higher birth
Enrols their titles, other *Gods on earth*,
Should they make priuate search, in vaile of night,
For cruell wrongs done by each Faworite;
Here should they finde a great one paling in
A meane mans land, which many yeeres had bin
His charges life, and by the others heaft,
The poore must starue to feede a scurvy beast.
If any recompence drop from his fist,
His time's his owne, the mony, what he list.
There should they see another that commands
His Farmers Teame from furrowing his lands,
To bring him stones to raise his building vast,
The while his Tenants sowing time is past.
Another (spending) doth his rents inhance,
Or gets by trickes the poores inheritance.
But as a man whose age hath dim'd his eyes
Vseth his Spectacles, and as he pryces

Through

Through them all Characters seeme wondrous faire,
Yet when his glasses quite remoued are
(Though with all carefull heed he neerly looke)
Cannot perceiue one tittle in the Booke)
So if a King behold such fauourites
(Whose being great, was being *Parasites*,)
With th'eyes of fauour; all their actions are
To him appearing plaine and regular:
But let him lay his light of grace aside,
And see what men hee hath so dignified,
They all would vanish, and not dare appeare,
Who *Atom-like*, when their *Sun* shined cleare,
Danc'd in his beame; but now his rayes are gone,
Of many hundred we perceiue not one.
Or as a man who standing to descry
How great floods farre off run, and vallies lye,
Takes a *glasse perspective* good and true,
By which things most remote are full in view:
If Monarchs, so, would take an Instrument
Of truth compos'd to spie their Subjects drent
In foule oppression by those high in seate,
(Who care not to be good but to be great)
In full aspect the wrongs of each degree
Would lye before them; and they then would see.
The diuelish *Politician* all conuinces,
In murdring Statesmen and in poisoning Princes;
The *Prelate* in *pluralities* asleepe
Whilst that the *Wolfe* lyes preying on his sheepe;
The drowsie *Lawyer*, and the false *Aturnies*
Tire poore mens purses with their life-long iournyes;
The *Country Gentleman*, from's neighbours hand
Forceth th'inheritance, ioynes land to land,
And (most insatiate) seekes vnder his rent
To bring the worlds most spacious continent;
The fawning *Citizen* (whose loue's bought dearest)
Deceiues his brother when the *Sun* shines clearest,
Gets, borrowes, breakes, lets in, and stops out light,
And liues a Knaue to leaue his sonne a Knight;
The griping *Farmer* hoords the seede of bread,
Whilst in the streets the poore lye famished:

And

And free there's none from all this worldly strife,
Except the Shepherds heauen-blest happy life.

But stay sweet *Muse*! forbear this harther straine,
Keepe with the Shepherds; leaue the *Satyres* veyne,
Coupe not with *Beares*; let *Icarus* alone
To scorch himsef within the *torrid Zone*,
Let *Phaëton* run on, *Ixion* fall,
And with a humble stiled *Pastorall*
Tread through the vallyes, dance about the streamies;
The lowly Dales will yeeld vs *Anadems*
To shade our temples, tis a worthy meed,
No better giriond seekes mine Oaten Reede;
Let others climbe the hills, and to their praise
(Whilst I sit girt with *Flowres*) be crown'd with *Bayes*.

Shew now faire *Muse* what afterward became
Of great *Achilles* Mother; She whose name
The *Mermoids* sing, and tell the weeping strand
A brauer Lady neuer tript on land;
Except the euer liuing *Fayerie Queene*,
Whose vertues by her *Swaine* so written beene,
That time shall call her high enhanced story
In his rare song, *The Muses* chiefest glory.

So mainely *Thetis* droue her siluer throne,
Inlaid with pearles of price and precious stone,
(For whose gay purchase, she did often make
The scorched *Negro* diue the briny Lake)
That by the swiftnesse of her chariot wheels
(Scouring the *Maine* as well-built English Keels)
She, of the *new-found World* all coasts had seene;
The shores of *Thessaly*, where she was *Queene*,
Her brother *Pontus* waues, imbrac'd, with those
Maotian fields and vales of *Tenedos*,
Streit *Hellepont*, whose high-brow'd cliffes yet found
The mournfull name of young *Leander* drown'd;
Then with full speede her *Horses* doth she guide
Through the *Aegean* sea, that takes a pride
In making difference twixt the fruitfull lands
Europe and *Asia* almost ioyning hands,
But that shee thrusts her billowes all affront
To stop their meeting through the *Hellepont*.

The

The *Midland Sea* so swiftly was thee scouring,
 The *Adriaticke gulfe* braue Ships deuouring.
 To *Padus* siluer streame then glides she on
 (Enfamoused by rekeles *Phaëton*)
Padus that doth beyond his limits rise,
 When the hot *Dog-starre* raines his maladies,
 And robs the high and ayre-inuading *Alpes*
 Of all their Winter suites and snowy scalpes,
 To drowne the leuel'd lands along his shore,
 And make him swell with pride. By whom of yore
 The sacred *Heliconian* Damsels fate
 (To whom was mighty *Pindus* consecrate)
 And did decree (neglecting other men)
 Their height of Art should flow from *Maro's* pen.
 And prattling *Eccho's* euermore should long
 For repetition of sweet *Naso's* song.
 It was enacted here, in after dayes
 What wights should haue their temples crown'd with
 Learn'd *Ariosto*, holy *Petrarch's* quill, (Bayes.
 And *Tasso* should ascend the *Muses* hill.
 Diuine *Bartas*, whose enriched soule
 Proclaim'd his *Makers* worth, should so enroule
 His happy name in brasse, that Time nor Fate
 That swallow all, should euer ruinate.
 Delightfull *Salust*, whose all blessed layes
 The *Shepheards* make their *Hymnes* on *Holy-dayes*.
 And truely say thou in one weeke hast pend
 What time may euer study, ne're amend.
Marot and *Ronsard*, *Garnier's* buskind *Muse*
 Should spirit of life in very stones infuse.
 And many another Swan whose powerfull straine
 Should raise the *Golden World* to life againe.
 But let vs leaue (faire *Muse*) the bankes of *Po*
Thetis forsooke his braue streame long agoe,
 And we must after. See in haste thee sweepes
 Along the *Cellick* shores, th' *Armorick* deepes
 She now is entring : beare vp then a head
 And by that time she hath discovered
 Our *Alabaster* rockes, we may discry
 And stem with her, the coasts of *Britany*.

E

There

Plin. lib. 3.
cap. 16.

There will she Anchor cast, to heare the songs
 Of English Shepheards, whose all tunefull tongues
 So pleas'd the *Nayades*, they did report
 Their songs perfection in great *Nereus* Court :
 Which *Thetis* hearing, did appoint a day
 When she would meet them in the *Brittish* Sea,
 And thither for each Swaine a *Dolphin* bring
 To ride with her, while she would heare him sing.
 The time prefixt was come; and now the Starre
 Of blissefull light appear'd, when she her Carre
 Staid in the narrow seas. At *Thames* faire port
 The *Nymphes* and *Shepheards* of the *Isle* resort.
 And thence did put to sea with mirthfull rounds,
 Whereat the billowes dance aboue their bounds,
 And bearded Goates, that on the clouded head
 Of any sea-surruaying Mountaine fed,
 Leauing to crop the Iuy, listning stood
 At those sweet ayres which did intrance the flood.
 In iocound sort the *Goddesse* thus they met.
 And after reu'rence done, all being set
 Vpon their finny Coursers, round her throne,
 And shee prepar'd to cut the watry Zone
 Ingirting *Albion*; all their pipes were still,
 And *Colin Clout* began to tune his quill,
 With such deepe Art that euery one was giuen
 To thinke *Apollo* (newly slid from heau'n)
 Had tane a humane shape to win his loue,
 Or with the *Westerne Swaines* for glory stroue.
 He sung th'heroicke Knights of *Faery* land
 In lines so elegant, of such command,
 That had the **Thracian* plaid but halfe so well
 He had not left *Eurydice* in hell.
 But e're he ended his melodious song
 An host of *Angels* flew the clouds among,
 And rapt this Swan from his attentiu mates,
 To make him one of their associates
 In heauens faire Quire : where now he sings the praise
 Of him that is the *first and last of dayes*.
 Diuine *Spencer* heau'n-bred, happy Muse!
 Would any power into my braine infuse

* *Orpheus*.

Thy

Thy worth, or all that *Poets* had before
I could not praise till thou deseru'st no more.

A dampe of wonder and amazement strooke
Thetis attendants, many a heauy looke
Follow'd sweet *Spencer*, till the thickning ayre
Sights further passage stop'd. A passionate teare
Fell from each *Nymph*, no Shepheards cheeke was dry,
A dolefull *Dirge*, and mournefull *Elegie*
Flew to the shore. When mighty *Nereus* Queene
(In memory of what was heard and scene)
Imploy'd a *Factor*, (fitted well with store
Of richest Iemmes, refined *Indian Ore*)
To raise, in honour of his worthy name
A *Piramus*, whose head (like winged *Fame*)
Should pierce the clouds, yea seeme the stars to kisse,
And *Mausolus* great toombe might throwd in *his*.
Her will had beene performance, had not *Fate*
(That neuer knew how to commiserate)
Suborn'd curs'd *Auarice* to lye in waite
For that rich prey : (*Gold is a taking baite*)
Who closely lurking like a subtile Snake
Vnder the couert of a thorny brake,
Seiz'd on the *Factor* by fayre *Thetis* sent;
And rob'd our *Colin* of his Monument.

Yee *English Shepheards*, sonnes of *Memory*,
For *Satyres* change your pleasing melody,
Scourge, raile and curse that sacrilegious hand,
That more then Fiend of hell, that *Stygian* brand,
All-guilty *Auarice* : that worst of euill,
That gulfe deuouring, off-spring of a Diuell :
Heape curse on curse so direfull and so fell,
Their waight may presse his damned soule to hell.
Is their a spirit so gentle can refraine
To torture such ? O let a *Satyres* veyne
Mixe with that man ! to lash this hellish lym,
Or all our curses will descend on him.

For mine owne part although I now commerce
With lowly Shepheards in as low a Verse;
If of my dayes I shall not see an end
Till more yeeeres presse mee; some few houres Ile spend

In rough-hewn *Satyres*, and my busied pen,
 Shall ierke to death this infamy of men.
 And like a *Fury*, glowing coulters beare,
 With which? But see how yonder fondlings teare
 Their fleeces in the brakes; I must goe free
 Them of their bonds; Rest you here merrily
 Till my returne: when I will touch a string
 Shall make the Riuers dance, and Vallyes ring.

The



The second Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*What Shepherds on the Sea were scene
To entertaine the Oceans Queene,
Remond in search of Fida gone,
And for his loue yong Doridon,
Their meeting with a wofull Swaine,
Mute, and not able to complaine
His metamorphos'd Mistresse wrong;
Is all the subject of this Song.*



He Muses friend (gray-eyde *Aurora*) yet
Held all the Meadows in a cooling sweat;
The milke-white *Gossamores* not upwards snow'd,
Nor was the sharpe and vsefull steering goad
Laid on the strong-neckt Oxe; no gentle bud
The *Sun* had dryde; the cattle chew'd the cud
Low leu'd on the grasse; no Flyes quicke sting
Inforc'd the Stonehorse in a furious ring
To teare the passie earth, nor lash his taile
About his buttockes broad; the slimy Snayle
Might on the wainscot, (by his many mazes
Winding *Meanders* and selfe-knitting traces)
Be follow'd, where he stucke, his glittering slime
Not yet wipt off. It was so earely time

The

The carefull *Smith* had in his sooty forge
 Kindled no coale; nor did his hammers vrg
 His neighbours patience: *Owles* abroad did flye,
 And day as then might plead his infancy.
 Yet of faire *Albion* all the westerne Swaines
 Werè long since vp, attending on the plaines
 When *Nereus* daughter with her mirthfull hoast
 Should summon them, on their declining coast.

But since her stay was long: for feare the Sunne
 Should finde them idle, some of them begunne
 To leape and wrastle, others threw the barre
 Some from the company remoued are
 To meditate the songs they meant to play,
 Or make a new *Round* for next *Holiday*:
 Some tales of loue their loue-sicke fellowes told:
 Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
 This, all alone was mending of his Pipe:
 That, for his lasse sought fruits most sweet most ripe.
 Here, (from the rest) a lonely shepherds boy
 Sits piping on a hill, as if his ioy
 Would still endure, or else that ages frost
 Should neuer make him thinke what he had lost.
 Yonder a shepheardesse knits by the springs,
 Her hands still keeping time to what shee sings:
 Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
 Were comforted in working. Neere the sands
 Of some sweet Riuer sits a musing lad,
 That moanes the losse of what he sometime had,
 His Loue by death bereft: when fast by him
 An aged Swaine takes place, as neere the brim
 Of's graue as of the Riuer; shewing how
 That as those floods, which passe along right now
 Are follow'd still by others from their spring,
And in the Sea haue all their burying:
 Right so our times are knowne, our ages found,
 (Nothing is permanent within this *Round*:)
 One age is now, another *that* succedes,
 Extirping all things which the former breeds:
 Another followes that, doth new times raise
 New yeers, new months, new weeks, new hours, new days,
 Mankinde

Mankinde thus goes like Rivers from their Spring
And in the Earth haue all their burying.
 Thus fate the olde man counselling the yong;
 Whilst, vnderneath a tree which ouer-hung
 The siluer streame, (as, some delight it tooke
 To trim his thicke boughes in the Chrystall Brooke)
 Were set a iocund crew of youthfull Swaines
 Wooing their sweetings with delicious straynes.
 Sportiue *Oreades* the hils descended,
 The *Hamadryades* their hunting ended,
 And in the high woods left the long-liu'd *Harts*
 To feede in peace, free from their winged Darts;
 Floods, Mountaines, Vallies, Woods, each vacant lyes
 Of *Nymphs* that by them danc'd their *Haydigyes*:
 For all those *Powers* were ready to embrace
 The present meanes, to giue our Shepherds grace.
 And vnderneath this tree (till *Thetis* came)
 Many resorted; where a Swaine, of name
 Lesse, then of worth: (and we doe neuer owne
 Nor apprehend, him best, that most is knowne.)
Fame is vncertaine, who so swiftly flies
 By th'vnregarded *shed* where *Virtue* lyes
 Shee (ill inform'd of *Virtues* worth) pursu'th
 (In haft) *Opinion* for the simple *Truth*.
True Fame is euer likened to our shade,
 Hee soonest misseth her, that most hath made
 To ouer-take her; who so takes his wing,
 Regardlesse of her, shee'll be following:
 Her true proprietie she thus discouers,
 "Loues her contemners, and contemnes her louers.
 Th'appause of common people neuer yet
 Pursu'd this Swaine; hee knew't the counterfeit
 Offsetled praise, and therefore at his songs
 Though all the Shepherds and the gracefull throngs
 Of Semigods compar'd him with the best
 That euer touch'd a Reede, or was adrest
 In shepherds coate, he neuer would approue
 Their *Attributes*, giuen in sincerest loue;
 Except he truely knew, them, as his merit.
 Fame giues a second life to such a spirit.

This

This Swaine, intreated by the mirthfull rout,
 That with intwined armes lay round about
 The tree 'gainst which he lean'd. (So haue I seene
Tom Piper stand vpon our village greene,
 Backt with the *May-pole*, whilst a iocund crew
 In gentle motion circularly threw
 Themselues about him.) To his fairest Ring
 Thus 'gan in numbers well according sing:

VEnus by *Adonis* side
 Crying kist, and kissing cryde,
 Wrung her hands and tore her hayre
 For *Adonis* dying there.

Stay (*quoth shee*) ô stay and liue!
 Nature surely doth not giue
 To the Earth her sweetest flowres
 To be seene but some few houres.

On his face, still as he bled
 For each drop a teare she shed,
 Which she kist or wipt away,
 Else had drown'd him where he lay.

Faire *Proserpina* (*quoth shee*)
 Shall not haue thee yet from mee;
 Nor thy soule to flye begin
 While my lips can keepe it in.

Here she clos'd againe. And some
 Say, *Apollo* would haue come
 To haue cur'd his wounded lym,
 But that she had smother'd him.

Looke as a *Traveller* in Summers day
 Nye chookt with dust, and molt with *Titans* ray,
 Longs for a spring to coole his inward heate,
 And to that end, with vowes, doth heauen intreat,
 When going further, findes an *Apple-tree*
 Standing as did old *Hospitalitie*,

With

With ready armes to succour any needes :)
 Hence pluckes an Apple, tastes it, and it breeds
 So great a liking in him for his thirst,
 That vp he climbs, and gathers to the first
 A second, third; nay, will not cease to pull
 Till hee haue got his cap and pockets full.
 "Things long desir'd so well esteemed are,
 "That when they come we hold them better farre.
 "There is no meane 'twixt what we *loue* and *want*,
 "*Desire*, in men, is so predominant:
 No lesse did all this quaint assembly long
 Then doth the *Traveller*: this Shepheards song
 Had so ensnar'd each acceptable eare,
 That but a second, nought could bring them cleare
 From an affected snare; had *Orpheus* beene
 Playing, some distance from them, he had seene
 Not one to stirre a foote for his rare straine,
 But left the *Thracian* for the *English Swaine*.
 Or had suspicious *Iuno* (when her *Ioue*
 Into a Cowe transform'd his fairest **Loue*)
 Great *Inachus* sweet *Stem* in durance giuen
 To this yong Lad, the **Messenger* of heauen
 (Faure *Maia's* off-spring) with the depth of *Art*
 That euer *Ioue* to *Hermes* might impart,
 In fingring of a Reede, had neuer wonne
 Poore *Iō's* freedome. And though *Arctors* sonne
 (Hundred-ey'd *Argus*) might be lull'd by him,
 And loose his pris'ner: yet in euery lym
 That God of wit had felt this Shepheards skill.
 And by his charmes brought from the *Muses* hill
 Inforc'd to sleepe; then, rob'd of Pipe and Rod,
 And vanquish'd so, turne Swaine, this Swaine a God.
 Yet to this Lad not wanted Enuies sting,
 ("Hee's not worth ought, that's not worth enuying.)
 Since many at his praife were seene to grutch.
 For as a *Miller* in his boulting *hutch*
 Drives out the pure meale neerly, (as he can)
 And in his *sifter* leaues the courser *bran*:
 So doth the *canker* of a *Poets* name
 Let slip such *lines* as might inherit *Fame*,

* *Iō*.* *Mercury*.

And from a *Volume* culls some small *amisse*,
 To fire such dogged spleenes as mate with his;
 Yet, as a man that (by his Art) would bring
 The ceaselesse current of a Christall Spring
 To ouer-looke the lowly flowing head,
 Sinckes, by degrees, his soder'd Pipes of Lead,
 Beneath the Fount, whereby the water goes
 High, as a *Well* that on a mountaine flowes:
 So when *Detraction* and a *Cynnick's* tongue
 Haue suncke *Desert* vnto the depth of wrong,
 By that, the eye of skill, *True Worth* shall see
 To braue the Starres, though low his passage be.

But, here I much digresse, yet pardon, Swaines:
 For as a Maiden gath'ring on the Plaines
 A sentfull Nosegay (to fet neere her pap,
 Or as a fauour, for her Shepherds cap)
 Is seene farre off to stray, if she haue spide
 A Flower that might increase her Polies pride:
 So if to wander I am sometime prest,
 'Tis for a straine that might adorne the rest.

Requests, that with deniall could not meet,
 Flew to our Shepheard, and the voyces sweet
 Of fairest *Nymphes* intreating him to say
 What wight he lou'd; he thus began his lay:

Shall I tell you whom I loue?
 Hearken then a while to me;
 And if such a woman moue
 As I now shall versifie;
 Be assur'd, 'tis she; or none
 That I loue, and loue alone.

Nature did her so much right,
 As she scornes the help of Art.
 In as many Vertues dight
 As e're yet imbrac'd a hart.
 So much good so truly tride
 Some for lesse were deicide.

Wit

Wit she hath without desire
 To make knowne how much she hath;
 And her anger flames no higher
 Then may fully sweeten wrath.
 Full of pittie as may be,
 Though perhaps not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
 And her vertues grace her birth:
 Louely as all excellence.
 Modest in her most of mirth:
 Likelihood enough to proue
 Onely worth could kindle Loue.

Such she is: and if you know
 Such a one as I haue sung;
 Be she browne, or faire, or so,
 That she be but somewhat young;
 Be assur'd, 'tis she, or none
 That I loue, and lone alone.

Eöus and his fellowes in the teame,
 (Who, since their wating in the Westerne streame,
 Had run a furious iourney to appease
 The night-sicke eyes of our *Antipodes*.)
 Now (sweating) were in our *Horizon* scene
 To drinke the cold dew from each flowry greene:
 When *Tritons* Trumpet (with a shrill command)
 Told; siluer-footed *Thetis* was at hand.

As I haue seene when on the brest of *Thames*
 A heauenly beauty of sweet *English Dames*,
 In some calme Eu'ning of delightfull *May*,
 With *Musicke* giue a farewell to the day,
 Or as they would (with an admired tone)
 Greet *Nights* ascension to her *Eben Throne*,
 Rapt with their melodie, a thousand more
 Run to be wafted from the bounding shore:
 So ran the Shepherds, and with hasty feet
 Stroue which should first increase that happy fleet.

The true *prefagers of a comming storme
 Teaching their fins, to steere them, to the forme

**Esau, Pyrois,*
Aschau, and
Pblagen, were
 fained to be
 the horses of
 the Sun.

* *Dolphins.*

Of *Thetis* will; like Boates at Anchor stood,
As ready to conuay the *Muses* brood
Into the brackish *Lake*, that seem'd to swell,
As proud so rich a burden on it fell.

Ere their ariuall *Astrophel* had done
His shepheards *lay*, yet equaliz'd of none.
Th'admired mirrour, glory of our *Isle*,
Thou farre-farre-more then mortall man, whose stile
Stroke more men dumbe to hearken to thy song
Then *Orpheus* Harpe, or *Tullyes* golden tongue.
To him (as right) for wits deepe quintessence,
For honour, valour, vertue, excellence,
Be all the Garlands, crowne his toombe with Bay,
Who spake as much as ere our tongue can say.

Happy *Arcadia*! while such louely straines
Sung of thy Vallyes, Riuers, Hills and Plaines;
Yet most vnhappy other ioyes among,
That neuer heard't his *Musicke* nor his Song.
Deafe men are happy so, whose *Vertues* praise
(Vnheard of them) are sung in tunefull layes.
And pardon me yee *Sisters* of the *Mountaine*,
Who wayle his losse from the *Pegasian* Fountaine,
If (like a man for portraiture vnable)
I set my Pencill to *Apelles* table;
Or dare to draw his *Curtaine*, with a will
To shew his true worth, when the *Artists* skill
Within that *Curtaine* fully doth expresse
His owne Arts-Mastry my vnablenesse.

Hee sweetly touched, what I harshly hit.
Yet thus I glory in what I haue writ;
Sidney began (and if a wit so meane
May taste with him the dewes of *Hippocrene*)
I sung the *Past'ral* next; his *Muse*, my mouer:
And on the Plaines full many a peniue louer
Shall sing vs to their loues, and praising be,
My humble lines, the more, for praising thee.
Thus wee shall liue with them, by Rockes, by Springs,
As well as *Homer* by the death of Kings.

Then in a straine beyond an Oaten Quill
The learned * Shepheard of faire *Hitching* hill

* M^r. Chapman.

Sung the heroicke deeds of *Greece* and *Troy*,
In lines, so worthy life, that I imploy
My Reede in vaine to ouertake his fame.
All praisefull tongues doe waite vpon that name.

Our second *Ouid*, the most pleasing *Muse*
That heau'n did e're in mortals braine infuse,
All-loued *Draiton*, in soule-raping straines,
A genuine noate, of all the *Nymphisb* traines
Began to tune; on it all eares were hung
As sometime *Dido's* on *Aeneas* tongue.

Johnson whose full of merit to reherse
Too copious is to be confinde in verse;
Yet therein onely fittest to be knowne,
Could any write a line which he might owne.
One, so iudicious; so well knowing; and
A man whose least worth is to vnderstand;
One so exact in all he doth preferre
To able censure; for the *Theater*
Not *Seneca* transcends his worth of praise;
Who writes him well shall well deserue the *Bayes*.

Well-languag'd *Danyel Brooke*, whose polish'd lines
Are fittest to accomplish high desires,
Whose pen (it seemes) still young, *Apollo* guides;
Worthy the forked *Hill* for ether glides
Streames from thy braine, so faire, that time shall see
Thee honor'd by thy Verse, and it by thee.
And when thy *Temples* well-deseruing *Bayes*,
Might impe a pride in thee to reach thy praise,
As in a christall glasse, fill'd to the ring
With the cleare water of as cleare a spring
A steady hand may very safely drop
Some quantitie of gold, yet o're the top
Not force the liquor run; although before
The Glasse (of water) could containe no more:
Yet so all-worthy *Brooke* though all men sound
With plummets of iust praise thy skill profound,
Thou in thy verse those attributes canst take
And not apparent ostentation make,
That any second can thy vertues raise,
Striuing as much to hide as merit praise.

Danies

Danies and *Wither*, by whose *Muses* power
 A naturall day to mee seemes but an houre,
 And could I euer heare their learned layes,
 Ages would turne to artificiall dayes.
 These sweetly chanted to the *Lucene* of *Waues*,
 She prais'd, and what she prais'd no tongue depraues.
 Then base contempt (vnworthy our report)
 Fly from the *Muses* and their faire resort,
 And exercise thy spleene on men like thee:
 Such are more fit to be contemn'd then wee.
 'Tis not the rancour of a cankred heart
 That can debase the excellence of Art;
 Nor great in titles make our worth obey,
 Since we haue lines farre more esteem'd then they.
 For there is hidden in a *Poets* name
 A *Spell* that can command the wings of *Fame*,
 And maugre all *Oblinions* hated birth
 Begin their immortalitie on earth,
 When he that gainst a *Muse* with hate combines
 May raise his *Toombe* in vaine to reach our *lynes*.

Thus *Thetis* rides along the narrow seas
 Encompast round with louely *Naides*,
 With gaudy *Nymphs*, and many a skilfull Swaine
 Whose equals, earth, cannot produce againe,
 But leaue the times and men that shall succcede them
 Enough to praise that age which so did breed them.

Two of the quaintest Swaines that yet haue beene
 Fail'd their attendance on the Oceans *Queene*,
Remond and *Doriden*, whose haplesse Fates
 Late seuer'd them from their more happy mates.
 For (gentle Swaines) if you remember well
 When last I sung on brim of yonder dell,
 And as I ghesse it was that sunny morne,
 When in the groue thereby my sheepe were shorne,
 I weene I tolde you, while the Shepheards yong
 Were at their Past'rall, and their rurall Song,
 The shrikes of some poore Maide fallen in mischance,
 Inuokt their aide, and drew them from their dance:
 Each ran a seu'rall way to helpe the Maide;
 Some tow'rs the Vally, some the greene wood straid:

Here

Here one the thicket beates, and there a Swaine
 Enters the hidden caues, but all in vaine.
 Nor could they finde the wight whose shrikes and cry
 Flew through the gentle ayre so heauily;
 Nor see or man or beaft, whose cruell teene
 Would wrong a Maiden or in graue or greene.
 Backe then return'd they all to end their sport
 But *Doridon* and *Remond*; who resort
 Backe to those places which they erst had sought,
 Nor could a thicket be by Nature wrought
 In such a webb, so intricate, and knit
 So strong with Bryers, but they would enter it.
Remond, his *Fida* calls; *Fida* the woods
 Resound againe, and *Fida* speake the floods,
 As if the Riuers and the Hills did frame
 Themselues no small delight, to heare her name.
 Yet she appeares not. *Doridon* would now
 Haue call'd his Loue too, but he knew not how:
 Much like a man who dreaming in his sleepe
 That hee is falling from some Mountaine steepe
 Into a soundlesse Lake, about whose brim
 A thousand *Crocodiles* doe waite for him,
 And hangs but by one bough and should that breake
 His life goes with it; yet to cry or speake,
 Though faine he would, can moue nor voyce nor tongue:
 So when he *Remond* heard the woods among
 Call for his *Fida*, hee would gladly too
 Haue call'd his fairest Lone, but knew not who,
 Or what to call; poore Lad, that canst not tell
 Nor speake the name of her thou lou'st so well.

Remond by hap neere to the Arbour found
 Where late the *Hynd* was slayne, the hurtlesse ground
 Besmear'd with bloud; to *Doridon* he cride,
 And tearing then his hayre, o haplesse tide
 (Quoth hee) behold! some curst hand hath tane
 From *Fida* this; o what infernall bane,
 Or more then hellish fiend inforced this!
 Pure as the streame of aged *Symois*,
 And as the spotlesse *Lilly* was her soule!
 Yee sacred Powers that round about the Pole

Turne

Turne in your *Sphaeres*! ô could you see this deed,
 And keepe your motion? If the eldest seed
 Of chained *Saturne* hath so often beene
 In Hunters and in Shepherds habit seene
 To trace our Woods, and on our fertile Plains
 Woo Shepherds Daughters with melodious straines,
 Where was he now, or any other Powre?
 So many seu'rall Lambs haue, I each howre
 And crooked horned Rams brought to your Shrines,
 And with Perfumes clouded the Sun that shines,
 Yet now forsaken? to an vncouth state
 Must all things run, if such will be ingrate.

Cease *Remond* (quoth the Boy) no more complaine,
 Thy fairest *Fida* liues; nor doe thou staine
 With vilde reproaches any power aboue,
 They all as much as thee haue beene in loue:
Saturne his *Rhea*; *Iupiter* had store,
 As *Iō*, *Leda*, *Europa*, and more;
Mars entred *Vulcans* bed, pertooke his ioy;
Phabus had *Daphne* and the * sweet-fac'd Boy;
Venus, *Adonis*; and the God of *Wit*
 In chasteft bonds, was to the *Muses* knit,
 And yet remains so, nor can any seuer
 His loue, but brother-like affects them euer;
 Pale-changefull *Cynthia* her *Endimion* had,
 And oft on *Latmus* sported with that Lad:
 If these were subiect, (as all mortall men)
 Vnto the golden shafts, they could not then
 But by their owne affections rightly ghesse
 Her death would draw on thine; thy wretchednesse
 Charge them respectlesse; since no Swaine then thee
 Hath offred more vnto each *Deitie*.

But feare not *Remond*, for those sacred Powres
 Tread on obliuion; no desert of ours
 Can be intoomb'd in their Celestiall breasts,
 They weigh our offrings, and our solemne feasts,
 And they forget thee not: *Fida* (thy deere)
 Treads on the earth, the bloud that's sprinkled here
 Nere fill'd her veynes, the *Hynd* posselt this gore,
 See where the *Coller* lyes she whilome wore;

Some

* *Hyacinth*,

Some Dog hath slaine her, or the griping *Carle*
That spoiles our Plaines in digging them for *Marle*.

Looke as two little brothers who addrest
To search the hedges for a *Thrushes* nest,
And haue no sooner got the leauy Spring,
When mad in lust with fearefull bellowing
A strong-neckt *Bull* pursues throughout the field,
One climbs a tree, and takes that for his shield,
Whence looking from one pasture to another,
What might betide to his much-loued Brother,
Further then can his ouer-drowned eyes
Aright perceiue, the furious beast he spies
Tolfe something on his hornes, he knowes not what;
But one thing feares, and therefore thinkes it that:
When comming nigher he doth well discerne
It of the wondrous one-night-feeding *Ferne*
Some bundle was: yet thence he home-ward goes
Penfue and sad, nor can abridge the throes
His feare began, but still his minde doth moue
Vnto the worst: *Mistrust goes still with Loue*.
So far'd it with our Shepheard, though he saw
Not ought of *Fida's* rayment, which might draw
A more suspition; though the Coller lay
There on the grasse, yet goes he thence away
Full of mistrust, and vowes to leaue that Plaine
Till he embrace his chasteft Loue againe.
Loue-wounded *Doridon* entreats him then
That he might be his partner, since no men
Had cases liker; he with him would goe,
Weepe when he wept, and sigh when he did so:
I quoth the Boy, will sing thee songs of loue,
And as we sit in some all-shady groue,
Where *Philomela* and such sweetned throates,
Are for the mastry tuning various noates,
I'll striue with them, and tune so sad a Verfe,
That whilst to thee my fortunes I reherse
No Bird but shall be mute, her noate decline,
And cease her woe, to lend an eare to mine.
I'll tell thee tales of loue, and shew thee how
The Gods haue wandred as we Shepheards now,

G

And

And when thou plain'st thy *Fidas* losse, will I
 Eccho the same, and with mine owne, supply.
 Know *Remond* I doe loue, but well-a-day
 I know not whom; but as the gladsome *May*
 Shee's faire and louely, as a *Goddesse* shee
 (If such as hers a *Goddesse* beauty be)
 First stood before me, and inquiring was
 How to the Marish she might soonest passe,
 When rusht a villaine in, hell be his lot,
 And drew her thence, since when I saw her not,
 Nor know I where to search; but if thou please
 'Tis not a Forrest, Mountaine, Rockes, or Seas
 Can in thy journey stop my going on.
 Fate so may smile on haplesse *Doridon*,
 That hereblest may be with her faire sight,
 Though thence his eyes possesse eternall night.

Remond agreed, and many weary dayes
 They now had spent in vnfrequented wayes:
 About the Riuers, Vallies, Holts, and Craggs,
 Among the Ozyers and the wauing Flags,
 They neerely pry, if any dens there be,
 Where from the Sun might harbour crueltie:
 Or if they could the bones of any spy,
 Or torne by beasts, or humane tyranny,
 They close inquirie make in cauerns blinde,
 Yet what they looke for would be death to finde.
 Right as a curious man that would discric
 (Lead by the trembling hand of *Jealousie*)
 If his faire wife haue wrong'd his bed or no,
 Meeteth his torment if he finde her so.

One Eu'n'e're *Phaebus* (neere the golden shore
 Of *Tagnus* streame) his iourney gan giue o're,
 They had ascended vp a woody hill
 (Where oft the *Fauns* with their Bugles shrill
 Wakened the *Eccho*, and with many a shout
 Follow'd the fearefull Deere the woods about,
 Or through the Brakes that hide the craggy rockes,
 Digd to the hole where lyes the wily Foxe.)
 Thence they beheld an vnderlying Vale
 Where *Flora* set her rarest flowres at sale,

Whither

Whither the thriving *Bee* came oft to sucke them,
 And fairest *Nymphes* to decke their haire did plucke them.
 Where oft the *Goddesses* did run at base,
 And on white Harts begun the *Wilde-goose-chase*:
 Here various *Nature* seem'd adorning this,
 In imitation of the fields of blisse;
 Or as she would intice the soules of men
 To leaue *Elizium*, and liue here agen.
 Not *Hybla* mountaine in the iocund *prime*
 Vpon her many bushes of sweet *Thyme*
 Shewes greater number of industrious *Bees*,
 Then were the *Birds* that sung there on the trees.
 Like the trim windings of a wanton Lake,
 That doth his passage through a Meadow make
 Ran the delightfull Vally 'twene two Hills:
 From whose rare trees the precious Balme distils,
 And hence *Apollo* had his simples good
 That cur'd the Gods, hurt, by the *Earths ill brood*.
 A Christall Riuer on her bosome slid,
 And (passing) seem'd in sullen muttrings chid
 The artlesse *Songsters*, that their Musicke still
 Should charme the sweet Dale, and the wittfull Hill,
 Not suffering her shrill waters as they run
 Tun'd with a whistling gale in *Vnison*,
 To tell as high they priz'd the brodred Vale,
 As the quick *Lennet* or sweet *Nightingale*.
 Downe from a steepe Rocke came the water first,
 (Where lusty *Satyres* often quench'd their thirst)
 And with no little speed seem'd all in haste
 Till it the louely bottome had imbrac'd:
 Then as intranc'd to heare the sweet Birds sing,
 In curled whirlpooles she her course doth bring,
 As loath to leaue the songs that lull'd the Dale,
 Or waiting time when she and some soft gale
 Should speake what true delight they did possesse
 Among the rare flowres which the Vally dresse.
 But since those quaint *Musicians* would not stay,
 Nor suffer any to be heard but they:
 Much like a little lad who gotten new
 To play his part amongst a skilfull crew

Of choise *Musicians*, on some softer string
That is not heard; the others fingering
Drowning his Art; the Boy would gladly get
Applause with others that are of his *Set*,
And therefore strikes a stroke loud as the best
And often descants when his fellows rest;
That, to be heard (as usuall fingers doe)
Spoiles his owne Musicke and his partners too:
So at the futher end the waters fell
From off an high bancke downe a lowly *Dell*,
As they had vow'd ere passing from that ground,
The Birds should be inforc'd to heare their found.

No small delight the Shepheards tooke to see

A *coombe so dight in *Flora's* liuery,

Where faire *Feronia* * honor'd in the Woods,

And all the *Deities* that haunt the floods,

With powrefull *Nature* stroue to frame a plot,

Whose like the sweet *Arcadia* yeelded not.

Downe through the arched wood the shepheards wend,

And seeke all places that might helpe their end,

When comming neere the bottome of the hill

A deepe fetch'd sigh which seem'd of power to kill

The breast that held it, pierc'd the listning wood,

Whereat the carefull Swaines no longer stood

Where they were looking on a tree, whose rynde

A Loue-knot held which two ioynd hearts intwynde;

But searching round, vpon an aged root

Thicke lynde with mosse, which (though to little boot)

Seem'd as a shelter it had lending beene

Against cold Winters stormes and wreakfull teene;

Or clad the stocke in Summer with that hue

His withered branches not a long time knew:

For in his hollow truncke and perish'd graine

The *Cuckowe* now had many a Winter laine,

And thriving *Pismires* laid their egges in store;

The *Dormouse* slept there, and a many more.

Here sate the Lad, of whom I thinke of olde

Virgils propheticque spirit had foretold,

Who whilst Dame *Nature* for her cunnings sake,

A male or female doubted which to make,

And

* Vally.

* According
to that of *Silius*
lib. XIII. *Puni-*
cor.

— *Itur in agros*
Dines ubi ante
omnes colitur Fe-
ronia luco.

And to adorne him, more then all, affaid,
 This pritty youth was almost made a Maid.
 Sadly he late, (and as would grieffe) alone,
 As if the Boy and Tree had beene but one,
 Whilst downe neere boughs did drops of *Amber* creepe,
 As if his sorrow made the trees to weepe.
 If euer this were true in *Ouids* Verse
 That teares haue powre an *Adamant* to pierce,
 Or moue things void of sence, 'twas here approu'd.
 Things vegetatiue, once, his teares haue mou'd.
 Surely the stones might well be drawne, in pitty
 To burst that he should mone, as for a Ditty
 To come and range themselues in order all,
 And of their owne accord raise *Thēbes* a wall.
 Or else his teares (as did the others song)
 Might haue th'attractive power to moue the throng
 Of all the Forrests Citizens and Woods,
 With eu'ry Denizon of Ayre and Floods,
 To sit by him and griue; to leaue their iarres,
 Their strifes, dissentions and all ciuill warres;
 And though else disagreeing, in this one
 Mourning for him should make an *Union*.
 For whom the heauens would weare a sable sute,
 If men, beasts, fishes, birds, trees, stones were mute.
 His eyes were fixed (rather fixed Starres)
 With whom it seem'd his teares had beene in warres,
 The difference this (a hard thing to discry)
 Whether the drops were clearest or his eye.
 Teares fearing conquest to the eye might fall,
 An inundation brought and drowned all.
 Yet like true Vertue from the top of State
 (Whose hopes vilde *Envy* hath scene ruinate)
 Being lowly cast, her goodnesse doth appeare
 (Vncloath'd of greatnesse) more apparant cleere:
 So though dejected, yet remain'd a feature
 Made sorrow sweet plac'd in so sweet a creature.
 "The test of misery the truest is,
 "In that none hath but what is surely his.
 His armes a crosse, his sheep-hooke lay beside him:
 Had *Venus* pass'd this way, and chanc'd t'haue spide him,
 With

With open brest, lockes on his shoulders spred,
She would haue sworne (had she not seene him dead;)
It was Adonis; or if e're there was

Held transmigration by *Pithagoras*,
Of soules, that certaine then, her lost-loues spirit
A fairer body neuer could inherit.

His Pipe which often wont vpon the Plaine
To sound the *Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian* straine,
Lay from his Hooke and Bagge cleane cast apart,
And almost broken like his Masters heart.

Yet till the two kinde Shepheards neere him stept,
I finde he nothing spake but that he wept.

Cease gentle Lad (quoth *Remond*) let no teare
Cloud those sweet beauties in thy face appeare;
Why dost thou call-on that which comes alone,
And will not leaue thee till thy selfe art gone?
Thou maist haue griefe when other things are rest thee,
All else may slide away, this still is left thee;
And when thou wantest other company
Sorrow will euer be imbracing thee.

But fairest Swaine what cause hast thou of woe?

Thou hast a well-sheec'd flocke seede to and fro,

(His sheepe along the Vally that time fed

Not farre from him, although vnfollowed)

What doe thy Yewes abortiues bring? or Lambs

For want of milke seeke to their fellowes Dams?

No gryping Land-lord hath inclos'd thy walkes,

Nor toyling Plowman furrow'd them in balkes.

• *Ver* hath adorn'd thy Pastures all in greene

With Clouer-grasse as fresh as may be seene:

Cleare gliding Springs refresh thy Meadowes heate,

Meades promise to thy Charge their winter-meate,

And yet thou grieu'st. O! had some Swaines thy store;

Their Pipes should tell the Woods they ask'd no more.

Or haue the *Parce* with vnpartiall knife

Left some friends body tenantlesse of life,

And thou bemon'st that *Fate* in his youths morne

Ore-cast with clouds his light but newly borne?

"Count not how many yeeres he is bereau'd,

"But those which he posselt and had receiu'd;

"If

"If I may tread no longer on this stage,
 "Though others thinke me yong; it is mine age:
 "For who so hath his Fates full period told,
 "He full of yeeres departs, and dyeth old.
 May be that *Avarice* thy minde hath crost,
 And so thy sighes are for some trifle lost. (thee?)
 Why shouldst thou hold that deare the world throwes on
 "Thinke nothing good which may be taken from thee.
 Looke as some pondrous weight or massie packe,
 Laid to be carryed on a Porters back,
 Doth make his strong ioynts cracke and forceth him
 Maugre the helpe of euery nerue and lym,
 To straggle in his gate, and goeth double,
 Bending to earth, such is his burdens trouble:
 So any one by *Avarice* ingirt,
 And prest with wealth, lyes groueling in the dirt.
 His wretched minde bends to no poynt but this
 That who hath most of wealth hath most of blisse.
 Hence comes the world to seeke such traffique forth
 And passages through the congealed *North*,
 Who when their haire with *Isicles* are hung
 And that their chattering teeth confound their tongue,
 Shew them a glitt'ring stone; will streight wayes say,
 if paines thus prosper, oh what fooles would play?
 Yet I could tell them (as I now doe thee)
 "In getting wealth we lose our libertie.
 "Besides, it robs vs of our better powres,
 "And we should be our selues were these not ours.
 "He is not poorest that hath least in store,
 "But he which hath enough yet asketh more:
 "Nor is he rich by whom are all posselt
 "But he which nothing hath, yet asketh least.
 "If thou a life by *Natures* leading pitch,
 "Thou neuer shalt be *poore*, nor ever rich
 "Led by *Opinion*; for their states are such,
 "Nature but little seekes, *Opinion* much.
 Amongst the many bads proclaiming *May*
 (Decking the fields in holy-dayes aray,
 Striuing who shall surpass in braverie)
 Marke the faire blooming of the *Hawthorne-tree*;

Who

Who finely cloathed in a robe of white,
 Feedes full the wanton eye with *May's* delight;
 Yet for the brauery that she is in
 Doth neyther handle *Carde* not *Whee* to spin,
 Nor changeth robes but twice, is neuer seene
 In other colours then in white or greene.
 Learne then content yong shepheard from this tree,
 Whole greatest wealth is Natures liuery;
 And richest ingots neuer toyle to finde,
 Nor care for pouertie but of the minde.

This spoke yong *Remond*: yet the mournfull Lad
 Not once replyde; but with a smile, though sad,
 He shooke his head, then crost his armes againe,
 And from his eyes did showres of salt teares raine;
 Which wrought so on the Swains, they could not smother
 Their sighes, but spent them freely as the other.
 Tell vs (quoth *Doridon*) thou fairer farre
 Then * he whose chastitie made him a Starre,
 More fit to throw the wounding shafts of Loue,
 Then follow sheepe and pine here in a Groue.
 O doe not hide thy sorrowes, shew them brieft;
 "He oft findes ayde that doth disclose his griefe.
 If thou wouldst it continue, thou dost wrong;
 "No man can sorrow very much and long:
 For thus much louing *Nature* hath dispos'd,
 That 'mongst the woes that haue vs round enclos'd,
 This comfort's left (and we should blesse her fort)
 That we may make our griefes be borne, or short.
 Beleeue me Shepheard we are men no lesse
 Free from the killing throes of heauinesse
 Then thou art here; and but this diff'rence sure
 That vs hath made vs apter to endure.
 More he had spoke, but that a Bugle shrill
 Rung through the Vally from the higher Hill,
 And as they turn'd them tow'rs the hartning sound,
 A gallant Stag as if he scorn'd the ground
 Came running with the winde, and bore his head
 As he had bene the King of Forrests bred.
 Not swifter comes the *Messenger* of Heauen,
 Or winged vessell with a full gale driven,

Nor

Nor the swift *Swallow* flying neere the ground,
By which the ayres distemp'rature is found:
Nor *Mirra's* course, nor *Daphna's* speedy flight,
Shunning the daliance of the God of light;
Then seem'd the Stag, that had no sooner crost them
But in a trice their eyes as quickly lost him.

The weeping *Swaine* ne're mou'd, but as his eyes
Were onely giuen to shew his miseries,
Attended those; and could not once be won
To leane that obiect whence his teares begun.

O had that man, who (by a Tyrants hand)
Seeing his childrens bodies strew the sand
And he next morne for torments prest to goe,
Yet from his eyes not let one small teare flow,
But being ask'd how well he bore their losse,
Like to a man affliction could not crosse
He stoutly answer'd: *Happier sure are they*
Then I shall be by space of one short day:
No more his griefe was. But had he beene here
He had beene flint had he not spent a teare
For still that man the perfecter is knowne,
Who others sorrowes feelles more then his owne.

Remond and *Doridon* were turning then
Vnto the most disconsolate of men,
But that a gallant Dame, faire as the morne,
Or lovely bloomes the Peach-tree that adorne,
Clad in a changing silke, whose lustre shone
Like yealow flowres and grasse farre off, in one;
Or like the mixture *Nature* doth display
Vpon the quaint wings of the *Popinay*,
Her horne about her necke with siluer tip,
Too hard a mettall for so soft a lip:
Which it no oftner kist, then *Ione* did frowne
And in a mortals shape would faine come downe
To feede vpon those dainties, had not hee
Beene still kept backe by *Iuno's* ieaousie.
An Iuory dart she held of good command,
White was the bone, but whiter was her hand;
Of many pieces was it neatly fram'd,
But more the hearts were that her eyes inflam'd.

H

Vpon

Vpon her head a greene light filken cap,
 A piece of white Lawne shadow'd eyther pap,
 Betweene which hillockes many *Cupids* lay,
 Where with her necke or with her teates they play,
 Whilst her quicke hart will not with them dispence,
 But heaues her breasts as it would beate them thence,
 Who fearing much to lose so sweet repaire
 Take faster hold by her dishuell'd haire.
 Swiftly she ran; the sweet Bryers to receive her
 Slipt their imbracements, and (as loath to leaue her)
 Stretch'd themselues to their length: yet on she goes.
 So great *Diana* frays a heard of *Roes*
 And speedy followes: *Arethusa* fled
 So, from the * *River* that her rauished.

* *Alphons.*

When this braue *Huntresse* neere the *Shepherds* drew,
 Her Lilly arme in full extent she threw,
 To plucke a little bough (to fanne her face)
 From off a thicke leau'd Ash: (no tree did grace
 The low Grove as did this, the branches spread
 Like *Neptune's Trident* vpwards from the head.)
 No sooner did the grieved *Shepherd* see
 The *Nymphs* white hand extended tow'rds the tree,
 But rose and to her ran, yet she had done
 Ere he came neere, and to the wood was gone;
 Yet now approach'd the bough the *Huntresse* tore,
 He suckt it with his mouth, and kist it o're
 A hundred times, and softly gan it binde
 With Dock-leaues, and a slip of Willow rinde.
 Then round the trunke he wreathes his weakned armes,
 And with his scalding teares the smooth barke warms,
 Sighing and groaning, that the *Shepherds* by
 Forgot to helpe him, and lay downe to cry:
 "For 'tis impossible a man should be
 "Griev'd to himselfe or faile of company.
 Much the two *Swaines* admir'd; but pittie'd more
 That he no powre of words had, to deplore
 Or shew what sad misfortune 'twas befell
 To him whom *Nature* (seem'd) regarded well.
 As thus they lay, and while the speechlesse *Swaine*
 His teares and sighes spent to the woods in vaine,

Song 2. *Britannia's Pastorals.*

51

One like a wilde man ouer-growne with hayre
His nayles long growne, and all his body bare,
Saue that a wreath of Iuy twist did hide
Those parts which Nature would not haue discride,
And the long hayre that curled from his head
A grassie garland rudely couered.

But shepheards I haue wrong'd you, 'tis now late
For see our Maid stands hollowing on yond gate,
'Tis supper-time, with all, and we had need
Make haste away, vnlesse we meane to speed
With those that *kisse the Hares foot*: *Rhymes* are bred
Some say by going supperlesse to bed,
And those I loue not; therefore cease my rime
And put my Pipes vp till another time.

H 2 **The**

The third Song.

THE ARGVMENT.

*A Redbreſt doth from pining ſaue
Marina ſhut in Famines Caue.
The Golden age deſcribed plaine,
And Limos by the Shepheards ſlaine,
Doe giue me leaue a while to moue
My Pipe of Tawny and his Loue.*



Las that I haue done ſo great a wrong
Vnto the faireſt *Maiden* of my Song,
Diuine *Marina*, who in *Limos* caue
Lyes euer fearefull of a liuing graue,
And night & day vpon the hardned ſtones,
Reſts, if a reſt can be amongſt the mones

Of dying wretches; where each minute all
Stand ſtill afraid to heare their Deaths-man call.

Thrice had the golden *Sun* his hote Steedes waſht
In the *Weſt Maine*, and thrice them ſmartly laſht
Out of the *Baulmy Eaſt*, ſince the ſweet Maide
Had in that diſmall *Caue* beene ſadly laid.
Where hunger pinch'd her ſo, ſhee need not ſtand
In feare of murdering by a ſecond hand :
For through her tender ſides ſuch darts might paſſe,
Gainſt which ſtrong wals of ſtone, thicke gates of braſſe
Deny no entrance, nor the *Campes* of Kings,
Since ſoonest there they bend their ſlaggy wings.

But heauen that ſtands ſtill for the beſt's auaille,
Lendeth his hand when humane helpings faile;
For 'twere impoſſible that ſuch as thee
Should be forgotten of the Deitie;
Since in the ſpacious *Orbe* could no man finde
A fairer face match'd with a fairer minde.

A little *Robin Red-breſt* one cleare morne,
Sate ſweetly ſinging on a well-leau'd *Thorne* :
Whereat *Marina* roſe, and did admire
He durſt approach from whence all elſe retire :

And

And pittying the sweet Bird what in her lay
 She fully stroue to fright him thence away.
 Poore harmles wretch (quoth she) goe seeke some spring,
 And to her sweet fall with thy fellowes sing;
 Fly to the well-replenish'd Groues, and there
 Doe entertaine each Swaines harmonious care;
 Trauerse the winding branches; chant so free
 That euery louer fall in loue with thee;
 And if thou chance to see that louely Boy
 (To looke on whom the *Silvans* count a ioy)
 He whom I lou'd no sooner then I lost,
 Whose body all the Graces hath ingroft,
 To him vnfold (if that thou dar'st to be
 So neare a neighbour to my Tragedie)
 As farre as can thy voyce, (in plaints so sad,
 And in so many mournfull accents clad,
 That as thou singst vpon a tree thereby
 He may some small time weepe, yet know not why) ♫
 How I in death was his, though Powres diuine
 Will not permit that he in life be mine.
 Doe this thou louing Bird; and hast away
 Into the woods : but if so be thou stay
 To doe a deede of charitie on me
 When my pure soule shall leaue mortalitie,
 By cou'ring this poore body with a sheet
 Of greene leaues, gath'ed from a vally sweet;
 It is in vaine : these harmeleffe lims must haue
 Then in the *Caius's* wombe, no other graue.
 Hence then sweet *Robin*; least in staying long
 At once thou chance forgoe both life and song.
 With this she hush't him thence, he sung no more,
 But (fraid the second time) flew tow'rds the shore.

Within as short time as the swiftest Swaine
 Can to our *May-pole* run and come againe,
 The little *Redbreast* to the prickled thorne
 Return'd, and sung thereas he had before.
 And faire *Marina* to the loope-hole went,
 Pittying the pretty Bird, whose punishment
Limos would not deferre if he were spide.
 No sooner had the bird the *Maiden* eyde

But

* *Citharen* in
Boetia.

But leaping on the rocke, downe from a bough,
He takes a Cherry vp (which he but now
Had thither brought, and in that place had laid
Till to the cleft his song had drawne the Maid)
And flying with the small stem in his bill,
(A choiser fruit, then hangs on *Bacchus* * hill)
In faire *Marina's* bosome tooke his rest,
A heauenly seat fit for so sweet a guest:
Where *Citherea's Doves* might billing sit,
And Gods and men with *Envy* looke on it;
Where rose two mountaines, whose rare sweets to crop
Was harder then to reach *Olympus* top:
For those the Gods can; but to climbe these hills
Their powres no other were then mortall wils.
Here left the Bird the Cherry, and anone
Forsooke her bosome, and for more is gone,
Making such speedy flights into the *Thicke*,
That she admir'd he went and came so quick.
Then least his many Cherries should distast,
Some other fruit he brings then hee brought last.
Sometime of Strawberries a little stem,
Oft changing colours as he gath'ed them:
Some Greene, some white, some red on them infus'd,
These lou'd, those fear'd, they blush'd to be so vs'd.
The Peascod Greene, oft with no little toyle
Hee'd seeke for in the fattest fertil ft soile,
And rend it from the stalke to bring it to her,
And in her bosome for acceptance woo her.
No Berry in the Groue or Forrest grew,
That fit for nourishment the kinde Bird knew,
Nor any powrefull hearb in open field,
To serue her brood the teeming earth did yeeld,
But with his vrmost industry he sought it,
And to the Caue for chaste *Marina* brought it.
So from one well-stor'd garden to another,
To gather *Simple's* runs a carefull mother,
Whose onely childe lyes on the shaking bed
Grip'd with a *Fever*, (sometime honoured
In *Rome* as if a * God) nor is she bent
To other herbes then those for which she went.

* *Febrem ad mi-*
mus nescendum
templis colebant
ait Val. Maxi-
mus. Vide Tul-
lium in tertio de
Nat. Dierum, &
secundo de Legi-
bns.

The

The feathered houres five times were ouer-told,
 And twice as many floods and ebbs had rold
 The small sands out and in, since faire *Marine*
 (For whose long losse a hundred Shepherds pine)
 Was by the charitable *Robin* fed:
 For whom (had she not so beese nourished)
 A hundred Doves would search the Sun-burnt hills,
 Or fruitfull Vallies lac'd with siluer rills,
 To bring her Oliues. Th' *Eagle* strong of sight
 To Countries farre remote would bend her flight,
 And with vnweari'd wing strip through the skie
 To the choise plots of *Gaul* and *Italy*,
 And neuer lin till home-ward she escape
 With the *Pomegranat*, *Lemon*, *Orange*, *Grape*,
 Or the lou'd *Caron*, and attend the *Caue*.
 The well-plum'd *Goshawke*, (by th' *Egyptians* graue
 Vs'd in their misticke Characters for speede)
 Would not be wanting at so great a neede,
 But from the well-stor'd Orchards of the Land
 Brought the sweet *Pear*, (once by a curs'd hand
 At * *Swinsford* vs'd with poyson, for the fall
 Of one who on these plaines rul'd Lord of all.)
 The sentfull *Osprey* by the Rocke had fish'd
 And many a prittie Shrimp in Scallops dish'd
 Some way conuay'd her; no one of the shole
 That haunt the waues, but from his lurking hole
 Had pull'd the *Cray-fish*, and with much adoe
 Brought that the *Maid*, and *Perrywinckles* too.
 But these for others might their labours spare,
 And not with *Robin* for their merit share.
 Yet as a Heardeffe in a *Summers* day,
 Heat with the glorious Suns all-purging ray,
 In the calme Euening (leauing her faire flocke)
 Betakes her selfe vnto a froth-girt Rocke,
 On which the head-long *Tany* throws his waues,
 (And foames to see the stones neglect his braues :)
 Where sitting to vndoe her Buskins white
 And wash her neate legs, (as her vse each night)
 Th'inamour'd flood before she can vnlace them,
 Rowles vp his waues as hast'ning to imbrace them,

And

* One writes
 that King *Iohn*
 was poison'd at
Swinsford, with
 a dish of *pears*:
 Others, there,
 in a cup of *wine*:
 Some, that hee
 died at *Newark*
 of the *Fluxe*. A
 fourth, by the
 disemprature
 of *Peaches* ca-
 ten in his fit of
 an *Ague*. As
 mong so many
 doubts, I leaue
 you to beleue
 the *Author* most
 in credit with
 our best of *An-
 tiquaries*.

And though to helpe them some small gale doe blow,
 And one of twenty can but reach her fo,
 Yet will a many little surges be,
 Flashing vpon the rocke full busily,
 And doe the best they can to kisse her feet,
 But that their power and will, not equall meet:
 So as shee for her nurse look'd tow'rs the land,
 (And now beholds the trees that grace the strand,
 Then looks vpon a hill whose sliding sides
 A goodly flocke, like winters cou'ring hides,
 And higher on some stone that iutteth out,
 Their carefull master guiding his trim rout
 By sending forth his Dog, (as Shepheards doe)
 Or piping late, or clouting of his shoe.)
 Whence, nearer hand drawing her wandring sight,
 (So from the earth steales the all-quickning light)
 Beneath the rocke, the waters, high, but late,
 (I know not by what sluice or emptying gate)
 Were at a low ebb; on the sand shee spies
 A busie Bird that to and fro still flies,
 Till pitching where a heatefull Oyster lay,
 Opening his close iawes, (closer none then they
 Vnlesse the griping fist, or cherry lips
 Of happy Louers in their melting lips.)
 Since the decreasing waues had left him there
 Hee gapes for thirst, yet meetes with nought but ayre,
 And that so hote; ere the returning tyde,
 He in his shell is likely to be fride,
 The wary Bird a prittie pibble takes
 And claps it twixt the two pearle hiding flakes
 Of the broad yawning Oyster, and she then
 Securely pickes the fish out (as some men
 A trick of policie thrust, twene two friends,
 Seuers their powres, and his intention ends)
 The Bird thus getting that, for which shee stroue
 Brought it to her, to whom the *Queene of Love*
 Seru'd as a foyle, and *Cupid* could no other,
 But flye to her mistaken for his Mother.
Marina from the kinde Bird tooke the meate,
 And (looking downe) she saw a number great

Of Birds, each one a pibble in his bill,
 Would doe the like, but that they wanted skill:
 Some threw it in too farre, and some too short;
 This could not beare a stone fit for such sport,
 But harmelesse wretch putting in one too small,
 The Oyfter shuts and takes his head withall.
 Another bringing one too smooth and round,
 (Vnhappy Bird that thine owne death hast found)
 Layes it so little way in his hard lips,
 That with their sodaine close, the pibble slips
 So strongly forth (as when your little ones
 Doe twixt their fingers slip their Cherry-stones)
 That it in passage meets the breast or head
 Of the poore wretch, and layes him there for dead.
 A many striu'd, and gladly would haue done
 As much or more then he which first begun,
 But all in vaine, scarce one of twenty could
 Performe the deede, which they full gladly would.
 For this not quicke is to that act he go'th,
 That wanteth skill, this cunning, and some both:
 Yet none a will, for (from the caue) she sees
 Not in all-louely *May* th'industrious Bees
 More busie with the flowres could be, then these
 Among the shell-fish of the working Seas.

Linos had all this while beene wanting thence
 And but iust heau'n preseru'd pure innocence
 By the two Birds; her life to ayre had flit
 Ere the curst *Caytiffe* should haue forced it.

The first night that he left her in his den
 He got to shore, and neare th'abodes of men
 That liue as we by tending of their flockes,
 To enterchange for *Ceres* golden lockes,
 Or with the Neatheard for his milke and creame:
 Things we respect more then the Diademe
 His choise made-dishes; O! the golden age
 Met all contentment in no surplusage
 Of dainty viands, but (as wee doe still)
 Dranke the pure water of the christall rill,
 Fed on no other meates then those they fed,
 Labour, the salad that their stomackes bred,

I

Nor

Nor sought they for the downe of filuer Swans,
 Nor those Sow-thistle lockes each small gale fans,
 But hydes of Beasts which when they liu'd they kept
 Seru'd them for bed and cou'ring when they slept.
 If any softer lay, 'twas (by the losse
 Of some rocks warmth) on thicke and spongy mosse,
 Or on the ground : some simple wall of clay
 Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
 And on such pallats one man clipped then
 More golden slumbers then this age agen.
 That time *Physitians* thriu'd not : or if any
 I dare say, all : yet then were thrice as many
 As now profess't, and more; for euery man
 Was his owne *Patient* and *Physitian*.
 None had a body then so weake and thin,
 Bankrout of natures store, to feede the sinne
 Of an insatiate female, in whose wombe
 Could nature all hers past, and all to come
 Infuse, with vertue of all drugs beside,
 She might be tyr'd, but neuer satisfied.
 To please which *Orke* her husbands weakned peece
 Must haue his *Cullis* mixt with *Amber-greece*,
Pheasant and *Partridge* into ielly turn'd,
 Grated with gold, seauen times refin'd and burn'd,
 With dust of Orient Pearle, richer the East
 Yet ne're beheld: (O *Epicurean* feast!)
 This is his breakfast; and his meale at night
 Posssets no lesse prouoking appetite,
 Whose deare ingredients valed are at more
 Then all his Ancestors were worth before.
 When such as we by poore and simple fare
 More able liu'd and dyde not without heyre,
 Sprung from our owne loynes, and a spotlesse bed
 Of any other powre vnseconced :
 When th'others issue (like a man false sicke,
 Or through the *Fewer*, *Gout*, or *Lunatique*,
 Changing his Doctors oft, each as his notion
 Prescribes a seu'rall dyet, seu'rall potion,
 Meeting his friend (who meet we now a dayes
 That hath not some receipt for each disease?)

He tels him of a plaister, which he takes;
 And finding after that, his torment flakes,
 (Whether because the humour is out-wrought,
 Or by the skill which his *Physitian* brought,
 It makes no matter:) for he surely thinks
 None of their purges, nor their dyet drinks
 Haue made him sound; but his beliefe is fast
 That med'cine was his health which he tooke last:
 So (by a mother) being taught to call
 One for his Father, though a Sonne to all,
 His mothers often scapes, (though truely knowne)
 Cannot diuert him; but will euer owne
 For his begetter, him, whose name and rents
 He must inherit. Such are the descents
 Of these men; to make vp whose limber heyre
 As many as in him, must haue a share;
 When he that keeps the last yet least adoe
 Fathers the peoples childe, and gladly too.

Happyer those times were, when the Flaxen clew
 By faire *Arachne's* hand the *Lydians* knew,
 And sought not to the worme for silken threds,
 To rowle their bodies in, or dresse their heads.
 When wise *Minerua* did th' *Athenians* learne
 To draw their milke-white fleeces into yarne;
 And knowing not the mixtures which began
 (Of colours) from the *Babylonian*,
 Nor wooll in *Sardis* dyde, more various knowne
 By hues, then *Iris* to the world hath showne:
 The bowels of our mother were not ript
 For *Mader-pits*, nor the sweet meadowes stript
 Of their choise beauties, nor for *Ceres* load
 The fertile lands burd'ned with needlesse *Woode*.
 Through the wide Seas no winged Pine did goe
 To Lands vnknowne for staining *Indico*;
 Nor men in scorching clymates moar'd their Keele
 To trafficke for the costly *Coucheneele*.
 Vnknowne was then the *Phrygian* brodery,
 The *Tyrian* purple, and the Scarlet dye,
 Such as their sheepe clad, such they woue and wore,
 Ruffet or white, or those mixt, and no more:

Except sometimes. (to brauery inclinde)
 They dyde them yelow caps with *Alder* rynde.
 The *Gracian* mantle, *Tuscan* robes of state,
Tissue nor *Cloth of gold* of highest rate,
 They neuer saw; onely in pleasant woods,
 Or by th'embrodered margin of the floods,
 The dainty *Nymphs* they often did behold
 Clad in their light silke robes, sticht oft with gold.
 The Arras hangings round their comely Hals,
 Wanted the *Cerites* web and minerals:
 Greene boughes of trees which fatning Acornes lade,
 Hung full with flowres and Garlands quaintly made,
 Their homely *Cotes* deck'd trim in low degree,
 As now the Court with richest *Tapistry*.
 In stead of Cushions wrought in windowes laine,
 They pick'd the *Cockle* from their fields of Graine,
 Sleepe-bringing *Poppy* (by the Plow-men late
 Not without cause to *Ceres* consecrate,
 For being round and full at his halfe birth
 It signifi'd the perfect *Orbe* of earth;
 And by his inequalities when blowne,
 The earths low Vales and higher Hills were showne.
 By multitude of graines it held within,
 Of men and beasts the number noted bin;
 And she since taking care all earth to please,
 Had in her * *Thesmophoria* offred these.
 Or cause that feede our Elders vs'd to eate,
 With honey mixt (and was their after meate)
 Or since her Daughter that she lou'd so well
 By him that in th' infernall shades doth dwell,
 And on the *Stygian* bankes for euer raignes
 (Troubled with horrid cryes and noyle of chaines)
 (Fairest *Proserpina*) was rapt away;
 And she in plaints, the night; in teares, the day
 Had long time spent; when no high Power could gine her
 Any redresse; the * *Poppy* did relieue her:
 For eating of the seedes they sleepe procur'd,
 And so beguild those griefes she long endur'd.
 Or rather since her Loue (then happy man)
Micon (ysleep'd) the braue *Athenian*,

Had

θεσμοφορία
 and θυμύ-
 ρεια were sa-
 crifices pecu-
 liar to *Ceres*, the
 one for being a
 Law-giuer, the
 other as God-
 desse of the
 grounds.

* Vide Seruium
 in *Virg. Georg. l.*

Had beene transform'd into this gentle Flowre
 And his protection kept from *Flora's* powre.
 The *Daisy* scattred on each *Mead* and *Downe*,
 A golden tist within a siluer Crowne,
 (Fayre fall that dainty flowre! and may there be
 No Shepheard grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
 The *Primrose*, when with fixe leaues gotten grace
 Maids as a *True-love* in their bosomes place;
 The spotlesse *Lilly*, by whose pure leaues be
 Noted, the chaste thoughts of virginitie;
Carnations sweet with colour like the fire,
 The fit *Impress*'s for inflam'd desire;
 The *Hare-bell* for her stainlesse azur'd hue,
 Claimes to be worne of none but those are true;
 The *Rose*, like ready youth inticing stands,
 And would be cropt if it might chuse the hands;
 The yealow *King-cup*, *Flora* them assign'd
 To be the badges of a iealous minde;
 The Oringe-tawny *Marigold*: the night
 Hides not her colour from a searching sight.
 To thee then dearest Friend (my songs chiefe mate)
 This colour chiefly I appropriate,
 That spite of all the mists Oblivion can
 Or enuyous frettings of a guilty man,
 Retain't thy worth; nay, mak' it more in prise,
 Like Tennis-balls throwne downe hard, highest rise.
 The *Columbine* in tawny often taken,
 Is then ascrib'd to such as are forsaken;
Flora's choise buttons of a russet dye
 Is *Hope* euen in the depth of misery.
 The *Pansie*, *Thisle*, all with prickles set,
 The *Cowslip*, *Honisuckle*, *Violet*,
 And many hundreds more that grac'd the Meades,
 Gardens and Groues, (where beauteous *Flora* treads)
 Were by the Shepheards Daughters (as yet are
 Vs'd in our Cotes) brought home with speciall care:
 For bruising them they not alone would quell
 But rot the rest, and spoile their pleasing smell.
 Much like a Lad, who in his tender prime
 Sent from his friends to learne the vse of time,

As

As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thriues to the world, and such his actions be.

As in the *Rainbowes* many coloured hewe
Here see wee watchet deepned with a blewe,
There a darke tawny with a purple mixt,
Yealow and flame, with streakes of greene betwixt,
A bloody streame into a blushing run
And ends still with the colour which begun,
Drawing the deeper to a lighter staine,
Bringing the lightest to the deepst againe,
With such rare Art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blewe with watchet, greene and red with yealow;
Like to the changes which we daily see
About the Doves necke with varietie,
Where none can say (though he it strict attends)
Here one begins; and there the other ends:
So did the Maidens with their various flowres
Decke vp their windowes, and make neate their bowres:
Vsing such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy *Piny* with the lighter *Rose*,
The *Moncks-hood* with the *Buglosse*, and intwine
The white, the blewe, the flesh-like *Columbine*
With *Pinckes*, *Sweets-williams*; that farre off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixtures spye.

Then with those flowres they most of all did prise,
(With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of Hearbs or Rushes) would they frame
A daintie border round their Shepherds name.
Or *Poesies* make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the *Muses* onely liued there:
And that the after world should strive in vaine
What they then did to counterfeit againe.
Nor will the Needle nor the Loom e're be
So perfect in their best embroderie,
Nor such composures make of silke and gold,
As theirs, when *Nature* all her cunning told.

The word of *Mine* did no man then bewitch,
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the couetous did wish no wrong
But what himselfe desir'd: *so liue here long.*

As of their Songs so of their liues they deem'd,
Not of the long't, but best perform'd, esteem'd.
They thought that heauen to him no life did giue,
Who onely thought vpon the meanes to liue.
Nor wil'd they 'twere ordain'd to liue here euer
But as life was ordain'd they might perseuer.

O happy men ! you euer did possesse
No wisedome, but was mixt with simplenesse ;
So, wanting malice : and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicitie.
You search'd your selues if all within were faire,
And did not learne of *others* what *you* were.
Your liues the patternes of those vertues gaue
Which *adulation* tels men now they haue.

With pouertie, in loue we onely close
Because our Louers it most truly shoues :
When they who in that blessed *age* did moue,
Knew neyther pouerty nor want of loue.

The *hatred* which they bore was onely this,
That euery one did *hate* to doe amisse.
Their fortune still was subiect to their will :
Their *want* (O happy !) was the want of *ill*.

Ye truest, fairest, louelyest *Nymphs* that can
Out of your eyes lend fire *Promethian*,
All-beauteous Ladies, loue-alluring Dames,
That on the bankes of *Isca, Humber, Thames*,
By your incouragement can make a Swaine
Climbe by his song where none but soules attaine:
And by the gracfull reading of our lines
Renew our heate to further braue designs :
(You, by whose meanes my *Muse* thus boldly sayes :
Though she doe sing of Shepheards loues and layes,
And flagging weakly low gets not on wing
To second that of *Hellens* rauishing :
Nor hath the loue nor beauty of a *Queene*
My subiect, grac'd, as other workes haue beene;
Yet not to doe their age nor ours a wrong,
Though *Queenes*, nay *Goddeses* fam'd *Homer's* song,)
Mine hath beene run'd and heard by beauties more
Then all the *Poets* that haue liu'd before.

Not

Not cause it is more worth : but it doth fall
 That *Nature* now is turn'd a prodigall,
 And on this age so much perfection spends,
 That to her last of treasure it extends;
 For all the ages that are slid away
 Had not so many beauties as this day.

O what a rapture haue I gotten now !
 That age of gold; this of the louely browe
 Haue drawne me from my Song ! I onward run
 Cleane from the end to which I first begun.)
 But yee the heauenly creatures of the *West*,
 In whom the vertues and the graces rest,
 Pardon ! that I haue run astray so long,
 And grow so tedious in so rude a song,
 If you your selues should come to adde one grace
 Vnto a pleasant Groue or such like place,
 Where here the curious cutting of a hedge,
 There, by a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
 Here the fine setting of well shading trees,
 The walkes there mounting vp by small degrees,
 The grauell and the greene so equall lye,
 It, with the rest, drawes on your lingring eye :
 Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
 Arising from the infinite repayre
 Of odoriferous buds, and hearbs of price,
 (As if it were another paradise)
 So please the smelling sence, that you are faine
 Where last you walk'd to turne and walke againe.
 There the small Birds with their harmonious notes
 Sing to a Spring that smileth as she floates:
 For in her face a many dimples show,
 And often skips as it did dancing goe:
 Here further downe an ouer-arched Alley
 That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
 You spye at end thereof a standing Lake
 Where some ingenious Artist striues to make
 The water (brought in turning pipes of Lead
 Through Birds of earth most liuely fashioned)
 To counterfeit and mocke the Siluans all
 In singing well their owne set Madrigall.

This

This with no small delight retaynes your care,
 And makes you thinke none blest but who liue there.
 Then in another place, the fruits that be
 In gallant clusters decking each good tree
 Inuite your hand to crop some from the stem,
 And liking one, taste euery sort of them :
 Then to the arbours walke, then to the bowres,
 Thence to the walkes againe, thence to the flowres,
 Then to the Birds, and to the cleare spring thence,
 Now pleasing one, and then another fence:
 Here one walkes oft, and yet anew begin'th,
 As if it were some hidden *Laborinth*;
 So loath to part, and so content to stay,
 That when the *Gardner* knockes for you away,
 It grieues you so to leaue the pleasures in it,
 That you could wish that you had neuer seene it :
 Blame me not then, if while to you I told
 The happines our fathers clipt of old,
 The mere imagination of their blisse
 So rapt my thoughts, and made me sing amisse.
 And still the more they ran on those dayes worth,
 The more vnwilling was I to come forth.
 O ! if the apprehension ioy vs so,
 What would the action in a humane show !
 Such were the Shepherds (to all goodnesse bent)
 About whose * *Thorps* that night curs'd *Limos* went.
 Where he had learn'd that next day all the Swaines
 That any sheepe fed on the fertill plaines,
 The feast of *Pales* Goddesse of their grounds
 Did meane to celebrate. Fitly this sould
 He thought, to what he formerly intended,
 His stealth should by their absence be befriended :
 For whilst they in their offrings busied were,
 He 'mongst the flockes might range with lesser feare.
 How to contriue his stealth he spent the night.

The *Morning* now in colours richly dight
 Slept o're the *Easterne* threholds, and no lad
 That ioy'd to see his pastures freshly clad,
 But for the holy rites himselfe addrest
 With necessaries proper to that feast.

K

The

* Villages.

The *Altars* euery where now smoaking be
 With *Beane-stalkes*, *Sauine*, *Lawrell*, *Rosemary*,
 Their *Cakes* of *Grummell-seed* they did preferre,
 And *Pails* of *milke* in sacrifice to her.
 Then *Hymnes* of praise they all deuoutly sung
 In those *Palilia* for increase of young.
 But ere the ceremonies were halfe past
 One of their Boyes came downe the hill in haste,
 And told them *Limos* was among their sheepe;
 That he, his fellowes, nor their dogs could keepe
 The Rau'ner from their flockes; great store were kild,
 Whose blood he suck'd, and yet his panch not fild.
 O hasten then away! for in an houre
 He will the chiefest of your fold deuour.

With this most ran (leauing behinde some few
 To finish what was to faire *Pales* due)
 And as they had ascended vp the hill
Limos they met, with no meane pace and skill
 Following a well-fed Lambe: with many a shout
 They then pursu'd him all the plaine about.
 And eyther with fore-laying of his way,
 Or he full gorg'd ran not so swift as they,
 Before he could recouer downe the strand
 No Swaine but on him had a fastned hand.

Reioycing then, (the worst Wolfe to their flocke
 Lay in their powres) they bound him to a Rocke,
 With chaines tane from the plow, and leauing him
 Return'd backe to their Feast. His eyes late dim
 Now sparkleforth in flames, he grindes his teeth,
 And striues to catch at euery thing he seeth;
 But to no purpose: all the hope of food
 Was tane away; his little flesh, lesse blood,
 He suck'd and tore at last, and that denyde,
 With fearefull shrikes most miserably dyde.

Vnfortunate *Marina* thou art free
 From his iawes now, though not from misery.
 Within the Caue thou likely art to pine,
 If (o may neuer) faile a helpe diuine,
 And though such ayd thy wants doe still supply;
 Yet in a prison thou must euer lye:

But

But heau'n that fed thee, will not long defer
 To send thee thither some deliuerer :
 For, then to spend thy sighes there to the maine
 Thou fitter wert to honour *Thetis* trayne.
 Who so farre now with her hermonious crew
 Scour'd through the Seas (ô who yet euer knew
 So rare a confort ?) the had left behinde
 The *Kentish*, *Sussex* shores, the * *Isle* assignde
 To braue *Vespasians* conquest, and was come
 Where the thrill Trumpet and the ratling Drum
 Made the waues tremble, (ere befell this chance)
 And to no softer Musicke vs'd to dance.

Haile thou my natiue soile ! thou blessed plot
 Whose equall all the world affordeth not !
 Shew me who can ? so many christall Rills
 Such sweet-cloath'd Vallies, or aspiring Hills,
 Such Wood-ground, Pastures, Quarries, wealthy Mynes,
 Such Rockes in whom the Diamond fairely shines :
 And if the earth can shew the like agen;
 Yet will she faile in her Sea-ruling men.
 Time neuer can produce men to ore-take
 The fames of *Greenuil*, *Dauies*, *Gilbert*, *Drake*,
 Or worthy *Hawkins* or of thousands more
 That by their powre made the *Deuonian* shore
 Mocke the proud *Tagus*; for whose richest spoyle
 The boasting *Spaniard* left the *Indian* soyle
 Bankrupt of store, knowing it would quit cost
 By winning this though all the rest were lost.

As oft the *Sea-Nymphes* on her strand haue set
 Learning of *Fisber-men* to knit a net,
 Wherein to wynde vp their disheuel'd hayres,
 They haue beheld the frolicke *Marriners*
 For exercise (got carely from their beds)
 Pitch bars of siluer, and cast golden sleds.

At *Ex*; a louely Nymph with *Thetis* met,
 She singing came, and was all round beset
 With other watry powres, which by her song
 She had allur'd to floate with her along.
 The *Lay* she chanted she had learn'd of yore,
 Taught by a * skilfull *Swaine*, who on her shore

* *Veſta quam*
Velpafianus a
Claudio miſſus
ſubingauit. Vide
Bed. in Hiſt. Ecc.
lib. 1. cap. 3.

* *Joſeph of Ex-*
ceſter writ a
Poem of the
Troian Warre
according to
Dares the Phri-
gian ſtory, but
faſly attribu-
ted to Cornelius
Nepos, as it is
printed. He li-
ued in the time
of Hen. 2. and
Rich. 1. See the
Illustrations of
my moſt wor-
thy friend Mr.
Selden vpon
Mr. Draughts
Poly. albian.
pag. 98.

Fed his faire flocke : a worke renown'd as farre
As *His* braue subiect of the *Troian* warre.

When she had done, a prittie Shepherds boy
That from the neare Downes came (though he small ioy
Tooke in his tunefull Reede, since dire neglect
Crept to the brest of her he did affect,
And that an euer-busie-watchfull eye
Stood as a barre to his felicitie,)
Being with great intreaties of the Swaines
And by the faire Queene of the liquid plaines
Woo'd to his Pipe, and bad to lay aside
All troubled thoughts, as others at that tyde;
And that he now some merry note should raise,
To equall others which had sung their layes :
He shooke his head, and knowing that his tongue
Could not belye his hart thus sadly sung :

A new-borne babes salute their ages morne
With cries vnto their wofull mother hurld :
My infant Muse that was but lately borne
Began with watry eyes to woo the world.
She knowes not how to speake, and therefore weepes
Her woes excesse,
And strives to moue the heart that senslesse sleepes,
To heauinesse;
Her eyes inuayl'd with sorrowes clouds
Scarce see the light,
Disdaine hath wrapt her in the shrowds
Of loathed night.
How sho'ld she moue then her grieve-laden wing,
Or leaue my sad complaints, and *Pæans* sing?
Sixe Pleyad's line in light, in darknesse one.
Sing mirthfull Swaines; but let me sigh alone.
It is enough that I in silence sit,
And bend my skill to learne your layes aright;
Nor strine with you in ready straines of wit,
Nor moue my hearers with so true delight.
But if for heauy plaints and notes of woe
Your eares are prest;
No Shepherd lipes that can my Pipe out-goe
In such vnrest.

*I haue not knowne so many yeares
As chances wrong,
Nor haue they knowne more floods of teares
From one so yong.*

*Faine would I tyme to please as others doe,
Wert not for faining Song and numbers too.
Then (since not fitting now are songs of mone)
Sing mirthfull Swaines but let me sigh alone.*

*The Nymphs that floate vpon these watry plaines
Haue oft beene drawne to listen to my Song,
And Sirens left to tune dissembling straines
In true bewayling of my sorrowes long.*

*Vpon the waues of late a siluer Swan
By me did ride,
And thrilled with my woes forthwith began
To sing and dyde.*

*Yet where they should they cannot moue.
O haplesse Verse!*

*That fitter, then to win a Loue,
Art for a Herse.*

*Hence-forward silent be; and yee my cares
Be knowne but to my selfe; or who despayres,
Since pittie now lyes turne d to a stone.
Sing mirthfull Swaines; but let me sigh alone.*

The fitting accent of *His* mournfull lay
So pleas'd the powrefull Lady of the Sea;
That she intreated him to sing againe;
And he obeying tun'd this second straine:

Borne to no other comfort then my teares,
Yet rob'd of them by griefes too inly deepe,
I cannot rightly wayle my haplesse yeares,
Nor moue a passion that for me might weepe.

Nature alas too short hath knit

My tongue to reach my woe:

Nor haue I skill sad notes to fit

That might my sorrow show.

And to increase my torments ceaselesse sing

There's no way left to shew my paines

But by my pen in mournfull straines,

Which others may perhaps take ioy to sing.

As (woo'd by *Mayes* delights) I haue beene borne
 To take the kinde ayre of a wistfull morne
 Neere *Tauies* voycetull streame (to whom I owe
 More straines then from my Pipe can euer flowe)
 Here haue I heard a sweet Bird neuer lin
 To chide the Riuer for his clam'rous din;
 There seem'd another in his song to tell,
 That what the fayre streame did he liked well;
 And going further heard another too
 All varying still in what the others doe;
 A little thence, a fourth with little paine
 Con'd all their lessons and them sung againe;
 So numberlesse the Songsters are that ling
 In the sweet Groues of the too-carelesse spring,
 That I no sooner could the hearing lose
 Of one of them, but straight another rose,
 And perching deftly on a quaking spray
 Nye tyr'd her selfe to make her hearer stay,
 Whilst in a bush two Nightingales together
 Shew'd the best skill they had to draw me thither :
 So (as bright *Thetis* past our cleeuues along)
 This shepheards lay pursu'd the others song,
 And scarce one ended had his skilfull stripe,
 But streight another tooke him to his Pipe.

By that the younger Swaine had fully done,
Thetis with her braue company had wonne
 The mouth of *Dert*, and whilst the *Tritons* charme
 The dancing waues, passing the christall *Arme*
 Sweet *Talme* and *Plim*; ariu'd where *Thamar* payes
 Her daily tribute to the westerne Seas.
 Here sent she vp her *Dolphins*, and they plyde
 So busily their *fares* on every side,
 They made a quicke returne, and brought her downe
 A many *Homagers* to *Thamars* crowne,
 Who in themselues were of as great command
 As any meaner Riuers of the Land.
 With euery *Nymph* the *Swaine* of most account
 That fed his white sheepe by her clearer fount:
 And euery one to *Thetis* sweetly sung.

Among the rest a Shepheard (though but young,
 Yet hartned to his Pipe) with all the skill

His few yeeres could, began to fit his quill.
 By *Tauies* speedy streame he fed his flocke,
 Where when he fate to sport him on a rocke,
 The *Water-nymphs* would often come vnto him,
 And for a dance with many gay gifts woo him.
 Now posies of this flowre, and then of that;
 Now with fine shels, then with a russhy hat,
 With Corrall or red stones brought from the deepe
 To make him bracelets, or to marke his sheepe.
 WILLY he hight. Who by the *Oceans Queene*
 More cheer'd to sing then such young Lads had beene,
 Tooke his best-framed Pipe and thus gan moue
 His voyce of *Walla*, *Tauy's* fairest Loue.

Faire was the day, but fayrer was the Maide
 Who that dayes morne into the green-woods straid.
 Sweet was the ayre, but sweeter was her breathing,
 Such rare perfumes the *Roses* are bequeathing.
 Bright shone the Sun, but brighter were her eyes,
 Such are the Lampes that guide the Deities;
 Nay such the fire is, whence the *Pythian Knight*
 Borrowes his beames, and lends his *Sister* light.
 Not *Pelop's* shoulder whiter then her hands,
 Nor snowy Swans that iet on *Isca's* sands.
 Sweet *Flora* as if rauish'd with their sight
 In emulation made all *Lillies* white:
 For as I oft haue heard the Wood-nimphs say,
 The dancing *Fairies* when they left to play
 Then blacke did pull them, and in holes of trees
 Stole the sweet honey from the painfull Bees,
 Which in the flowre to put they oft were seene
 And for a banquet brought it to their *Queene*.
 But shee that is the *Goddesse* of the flowres
 (Inuited to their groues and shady bowres)
 Mislik'd their choise. They said that all the field
 No other flowre did for that purpose yeeld;
 But quoth a nimble *Fay* that by did stand:
 If you could giue't the colour of yond hand;
 (*Walla* by chance was in a meadow by
 Learning to 'sample earths embrodery)

It were a gift would *Flora* well besit,
 And our great Queene the more would honour it.
 She gaue consent; and by some other powre
 Made *Venus Dones* be equall'd by the flowre,
 But not her hand; for *Nature* this preferres,
 All other *whites* but *shadowings* to hers.
 Her haire was rowl'd in many a curious fret,
 Much like a rich and artfull Coroner,
 Vpon whose arches twenty *Cupids* lay,
 And were or tide, or loath to flye away.
 Vpon her bright eyes *Phæbus* his inclinde,
 And by their radiance was the God stroke blinde,
 That cleane awry th' *Ecliptick* then he stript,
 And from the milky way his horses whipt;
 So that the Easterne world to feare begun
 Some stranger droue the *Chariot* of the *Sun*.
 And neuer but that once did heauens bright eye
 Bestow one looke on the *Cymmerij*.
 A greene silke frock her comely shoulders clad,
 And tooke delight that such a seate it had,
 Which at her middle gath red vp in pleats;
 A loue-knot Girdle willing bondage threats.
 Not *Venus Ceston* held a brauer peece,
 Nor that which girt the fayrest flowre of *Greece*.
 Downe from her waste, her mantle, loose did fall
 Which *Zephyre* (as afraid) still plaid withall,
 And then tuck'd vp somewhat below the knee
 Shew'd searching eyes where *Cupids columnes* be.
 The inside lynde with rich Carnation silke,
 And in the midst of both, *Layne* white as milke.
 Which white beneath the red did seeme to shroud,
 As *Cynthia's* beautie through a blushing cloud,
 About the edges curious to behold
 A deepe fringe hung of rich and twisted gold,
 So on the greene marge of a christall brooke
 A thousand yealow flowres at fishes looke;
 And such the beames are of the glorious Sun,
 That through a tuft of grasse disperfed run.
 Vpon her leg a payre of Buskins white,
 Studded with oryent *Pearle* and *Chrysolite*,

And

And like her Mantle sticht with gold and greene,
 (Fairer yet neuer wore the Forrelts Queene)
 Knit close with ribands of a party hue;
 A knot of Crimson and a tuft of blew,
 Nor can the *Peacocke* in his spotted trayne
 So many pleasing colours shew againe;
 Now could there be a mixture with more grace,
 Except the heau'nly *Roses* in her face.
 A siluer *Quiver* at her backe she wore,
 With Darts and Arrowes for the Stag and Boare,
 But in her eyes she had such darts agen
 Could conquer Gods, and wound the hearts of men.
 Her left hand held a knotty *Brasill* Bow,
 Whose strength with reares she made the red Deer know.
 So clad, so arm'd, so drest to win her will
Diana neuer trode on *Latinus* hill.
Walla, the fairest Nymph that haunts the woods,
~~Walla~~, belou'd of *Shepheards*, *Faunes* and *Floods*,
Walla, for whom the frolike *Satyres* pyne,
Walla, with whose fine foot the flowrets twine,
Walla, of whom sweet Birds their ditties moue,
Walla, the earths delight, and *Tauy's* loue.

This fayrest *Nimph*, when *Tauy* first preuail'd
 And won affection where the *Siluan*s fail'd,
 Had promis'd (as a fauour to his streame)
 Each weeke to crowne it with an *Anadem*:
 And now *Hyperion* from his glitt'ring throne
 Seav'n times his quickning rayes had brately showne
 Vnto the other world, since *Walla* last
 Had on her *Tauy's* head the Garland plac'd;
 And this day (as of right) she wends abroad
 To ease the Meadows of their willing load.
Flora, as if to welcome her those houres
 Had beene most lauish of her choicest flowres,
 Spreading more beauties to intice that morne
 Then she had done in many dayes before.

Looke as a Maiden sitting in the shade
 Of some close Arbour by the *Wood-bynde* made,
 With-drawne alone where vndiscride she may
 By her most curious Needle giue assay

L

Vnto

Vnto some Purse (if so her fancy mone)
 Or other token for her trueest Loue,
 Varietie of silke about her pap,
 Or in a boxe she takes vpon her lap,
 Whose pleasing colours wooing her quicke eye,
 Now this she thinks the ground would beautifie,
 And that, to flourish with, she deemeth best;
 When spying others, she is straight posselt
 Those fittest are; yet from that choyce doth fall
 And she resolues at last to vse them all:
 So *Walla*, which to gather long time stood,
 Whether those of the field, or of the wood;
 Or those that 'mong the springs and marish lay;
 But then the blossomes which enrich'd each spray
 Allur'd her looke; whose many coloured graces
 Did in her Garland challenge no meane places:
 And therefore shee (not to be poore in plenty)
 From Meadows, springs, woods, sprayes, culls some one
 Which in a scarfe she put, and onwards fetters (daintie,
 To finde a place to dresse her *Coronet*.

A little Groue is seated on the marge
 Of *Tauy's* streame, not ouer thicke nor large,
 Where euery morne a quire of Siluans sung,
 And leaues to chattring windes seru'd as a tongue,
 By whom the water turnes in many a ring,
 As if it faine would stay to heare them sing,
 And on the top a thousand young Birds flye,
 To be instructed in their harmony.
 Neere to the end of this all-ioysome Groue
 A dainty circled plot seem'd as it stroue
 To keepe all Bryers and bushes from inuading
 Her pleasing compasse by their needlesse shading,
 Since it was not so large, but that the store
 Of trees around could shade her brest and more.
 In midst thereof a little swelling hill,
 Gently disburd'ned of a christall rill
 Which from the greenside of the flowry bancke
 Eat downe a channell; here the Wood-nymphs dranke,
 And great *Diana* hauing slaine the Deere
 Did often vse to come and bathe her here.

Here

Here talk'd they of their chase, and where next day
They meant to hunt; here did the shepheards play,
And many a gaudy Nymph was often seene
Imbracing shepheards boyes vpon this greene.
From hence the spring halts downe to *Tauy's* brim,
And payes a tribute of his drops to him.

Here *Walla* rests the rising mount vpon,
That seem'd to swell more since she sate thereon,
And from her scarfe vpon the grasse shooke downe
The smelling flowres that should her *Riuer* crowne.
The Scarfe (in shaking it) she brushed oft,
Whereon were flowres so fresh and liuely wrought,
That her owne cunning was her owne deceit,
Thinking those true which were but counterfeite.

Vnder an *Alder* on his sandy marge,
Was *Tauy* set to view his nimble charge,
And there his Loue he long time had expected:
While many a rose-cheekt Nymph no wyle neglected
To woo him to imbraces; which he scorn'd,
As valluing more the beauties which adorn'd
His fairest *Walla*, then all *Natures* pride
Spent on the cheekes of all her sexe beside.

Now would they tempt him with their open brests,
And sweare their lips were Loues assured *Tests*:

That *Walla* sure would giue him the deniall
Till she had knowne him true by such a tryall.

Then comes another, and her hand bereaues
The soone-slipt *Alder* of two clammy leaues,
And clapping them together, bids him see
And learne of loue the hidden mistery.

Braue *Flood* (quoth shee) that hold'st vs in suspence,
And shew'st a God-like powre in abstinence,
At this thy coldnesse we doe nothing wonder,
These leaues did so, when once they grew asunder;
But since the one did taste the others blisse,
And felt his partners kinde, partake with his,
Behold how close they ioyne; and had they power
To speake their now content, as we can our,
They would on *Nature*, lay a haynous crime
For keeping close such sweets vntill this time.

Is there to such men ought of merit due,
 That doe abstaine from what they neuer knew?
 No: then aswell we may account him wise
 For speaking nought, who wants those faculties.
 Taste thou our sweets; come here and freely sip
 Diuine *Nectar* from my melting lip;
 Gaze on mine eyes, whose life-infusing beames
 Haue powre to melt the Icy Northern streames,
 And so inflame the *Gods* of those bound Seas
 They should vchaine their virgin passages,
 And teach our *Marriners* from day to day
 To bring vs *Jewels* by a neerer way.
 Twyne thy long fingers in my shining haire,
 And thinke it no disgrace to hide them there;
 For I could tell thee how the *Paphian* Queene
 Met me one day vpon yond pleasant Greene,
 And did intreat a lip (though I was coy)
 Wherewith to fetter her lasciuious Boy.
 Play with my teates that swell to haue impressiō;
 And if thou please from thence to make digressiō,
 Passe thou that *milky way* where great *Apollo*
 And higher powres then he would gladly follow.
 When to the full of these thou shalt attaine,
 It were some mastery for thee to refraine;
 But since thou know'st not what such pleasures be
 The world will not commend but laugh at thee.
 But thou wilt say, thy *Walla* yeelds such store
 Of ioyes, that no one Loue can raise thee more;
 Admit it so, as who but thinke it strange?
 Yet shalt thou finde a pleasure more, in change.
 If that thou lik'st not gentle *Flood* but heare
 To proue that state the best I neuer feare.
 Tell me wherein the state and glory is
 Of thee, of *Auon*, or braue *Thamesis*?
 In your owne Springs? or by the flowing head
 Of some such Riuer onely seconded?
 Or is it through the multitude that doe
 Send downe their waters to attend on you?
 Your mixture with lesse Brookes addes to your fames,
 So long as they in you doe loose their names:

And

And comming to the *Ocean*, thou dost see,
It takes in other Floods as well as thee;
It were no sport to vs that hunting loue
If we were still confinde to one large Groue.
The water which in one Poole hath abiding
Is not so sweet as Rilllets euer gliding.
Nor would the brackish waues in whom you meet
Containe that state it doth, but be lesse sweet,
And with contagious steames all mortals smother,
But that it moues from this shore to the other.
There's no one season such delight can bring,
As *Summer*, *Autumne*, *Winter*, and the *Spring*.
Nor the best *Flowre* that doth on earth appeare
Could by it selfe content vs all the yeare.
The *Salmons*, and some more as well as they,
Now loue the fresher, and then loue the Sea.
The sitting *Fowles* not in one coast doe tarry,
But with the yeare their habitation vary.
What *Musicke* is there in a Shepheards quill
(Plaid on by him that hath the greatest skill)
If but a stop or two thereon we spy?

Musicke is best in her varietie.

So is discourse, so ioyes; and why not then
As well the liues and loues of Gods as men?
More she had spoke, but that the gallant *Flood*
Replyde: yee wanton *Rangers* of the wood
Leaue your allurements; hye yee to your chase;
See where *Diana* with a nimble pace
Followes a stricke Deere: if you longer stay
Her frowne will bend to me another day.
Harke how she wynds her Horne; she some doth call
Perhaps for you, to make in to the fall.

With this they left him. Now he wonders much
Why at this time his *Walla's* stay was such,
And could haue wish'd the *Nymphs* backe, but for feare
His Loue might come and chance to finde them there.
To passe the time at last he thus began
(Vnto a Pipe ioyn'd by the art of *Pan*)
To prayse his Loue: his hasty waues among
The frothed Rockes, bearing the Vnder-song.

As carefull Merchants doe expecting stand
 (After long time and merry gales of wynde)
 Vpon the place where their brane Ship must land:
 So waite I for the vessell of my minde.

Vpon a great aduerture is it bound,
 Whose safe returne will waltz'd be at more
 Then all the wealthy prizes which haue crown'd
 The golden wishes of an age before.

Out of the East Jewels of worth she brings,
 Th' vnual'd Diamond of her sparkling Eye
 VVants in the Treasures of all Europe's Kings,
 And were it mine they nor their crownes should buy.

The Saphires ringed on her panting brest,
 Run as rich weynes of Ore about the mold,
 And are in sicknesse with a pale posselt,
 So true; for them I should disuaine gold.

The melting Rubyes on her cherry lip
 Are of such powre to hold; that as one day
 Cupid flew thir stie by, hee stoop'd to sip
 And fast ned there could neuer get away.

The sweets of Candy are no sweets to me
 VVhen hers I taste; nor the Perfumes of price
 Rob'd from the happy shrubs of Araby,
 As her sweet breath, so powrefull to inuice.

O hasten then! and if thou be not gone
 Vnto that wished trafficke through the Mayne,
 My powrefull sighes shall quickly drine thee on,
 And then begin to draw thee backe againe.

If in the meane rude waues haue it oppress,
 It shall suffice I venter'd at the best.

Scarce had he giuen a period to his Lay
 When from a Wood (wherein the Eye of day
 Had long a stranger beene, and Phæbe's light
 Vainely contended with the shades of night.)

One of those wanton *Nymphes* that woo'd him late
Came crying tow'rd him; O thou most ingrate
Respectlesse Flood! canst thou here idly sit,
And loose desires to looser numbers fit?
Teaching the ayre to court thy carelesse Brooke,
Whil'st thy poore *Walla's* cries the hills haue shooke
With an amazed terror: heare! & heare!
A hundred *Eccho's* shrieking euery where!
See how the frightfull Heards run from the Wood;
WValla alas, as thee to crowne her Flood
Attended the composure of sweet flowres,
Was by a lust-fir'd *Satyre* 'mong our bowres
Well-tere surpriz'd, but that she him discryde
Before his rude imbracement could betyde.
Now but her feet no helpe, vnlesse her cries
A needfull ayd draw from the *Deities*.

It needlesse was to bid the *Flood* pursue,
Anger gaue wings; wayes that he neuer knew
Till now, he treads; through dells and hidden brakes
Flyes through the meadowes, each where ouertakes
Streames swiftly gliding, and them brings along
To further iust reuenge for so great wrong,
His current till that day was neuer knowne
But as a Meade in *Iuly*, which vnmowne
Beares in an equall height each bent and stem,
Vnlesse some gentle gale doe play with them.
Now runs it with such fury and such rage
That mighty Rockes opposing vassalage
Are from the firme earth rent and ouerborne
In *Fords* where pibbles lay secure beforne.
Low'd *Cataracts*, and fearefull roarings now
Affright the Passenger; vpon his brow
Continuall bubbles like compelled drops,
And where (as now and then) he makes short stops
In little pooles drowning his voyce too hie,
'Tis where hee thinkes he heares his *WValla* cry.
Yet vaine was all his haste, bending a way
Too much declining to the Southerne Sea,
Since shee had turned thence, and now begun
To crosse the braue path of the glorious *Sun*.

There

There lyes a Vale extended to the North
 Of *Tauy's* streame, which (prodigall) sends forth
 In *Autumne* more rare fruits then haue beene spent
 In any greater plot of fruitfull *Kent*.
 Two high brow'd rockes on eyther side begin,
 As with an arch to close the vally in,
 Vpon their rugged fronts short writen *Oakes*
 Vntouch'd of any fellers banefull stroakes,
 The *Iay* twisting round their barks, hath fed
 Past time *wylde Goates* which no man followed.
 Low in the Valley some small Heardes of Deere,
 For head and footmanship withouten peere,
 Fed vndisturb'd. The Swaines that thereby thriu'd
 By the tradition from their *Sires* deriu'd
 Call'd it sweet *Inda's Coombe* : but whether she
 Were of the earth or greater progeny
 Iudge by her deedes; once this is truely knowne
 Shee many a time hath on a Bugle blowne,
 And through the Dale pursu'd the iolly Chase,
 As shee had bid the winged windes a bafe.

Pale and distracted hither *vvalla* runs,
 As closely follow'd as she hardly shuns;
 Her mantle off, her hayre now too vnkinde
 Almost betray'd her with the wanton winde.
 Breathlesse and faint she now some drops discloses,
 As in a *Limbeck* the kinde sweate of *Roses*,
 Such hang vpon her brest and on her cheekes;
 Or like the Pearles which the raud *Ethiop* seekes.
 The *Satyre* (spur'd with lust) still getteth ground,
 And longs to see his damn'd intention crown'd.

As when a *Greyhound* (of the rightest straine)
 Let slip to some poore *Hare* vpon the plaine;
 Hee for his prey striues; t'other for her life,
 And one of these or none must end the strife :
 Now seemes the Dog by speede and good at bearing
 To haue her sure; the other euer fearing,
 Maketh a sodaine turne, and doth deferre
 The Hound a while from so neere reaching her :
 Yet being fetcht againe and almost tane
 Doubting (since touch'd of him) she scapes her bane :

So of these two the minded races were,
For *Hope* the one made swift, the other *Fear*.

O if there be a powre (quoth *Walla* then
Keeping her earnest course) o'reswaying men
And their desires ! ô let it now be showne
Vpon this *Satyre* halfe-part earthly knowne.
What I haue hitherto with so much care
Kept vndefiled, spotlesse, white and faire,
What in all speech of loue I still reseru'd,
And from its hazard euer gladly sweru'd;
O be it now vntouch'd ! and may no force
That happy Iewell from my selfe deuorce !
I that haue euer held all women be
Void of all worth if wanting chastitie;
And who so any lets that best flowre pull
She might be faire, but neuer beautifull :
O let me not forgoe it ! strike me dead !
Let on these Rockes my limbes be scattered !
Burne me to ashes with some powrefull flame,
And in mine owne dust bury mine owne name,
Rather then let me liue and be defilde.

Chastest *Diana* ! in the Desarts wilde
Haue I so long thy truest handmaid beene?
Vpon the rough rocke-ground thine arrowes keene,
Haue I (to make thee crownes) beene gath'ring still
Faire-cheekt *Etesia's* yealow *Cammomill* ?
And sitting by thee on our flowry beds
Knit thy torne *Buck-stals* with well-twisted threds,
To be forsaken ? O now present be
If not to saue, yet helpe to ruine me !

If pure *Virginittie* haue heretofore
By the *Olympicke* powres beene honour'd more
Then other states; and Gods haue beene dispos'd
To make them knowne to vs, and still disclos'd
To the chaste hearing of such *Nymphes* as wee
Many a secret and deepe misterie;
If none can lead without celestially ayde
Th'immaculate and pure life of a Maide,
O let not then the Powres all-good diuine
Permit vile lust to soile this brest of mine !

M

Thus

Thus cryde she as she ran : and looking backe
 Whether her hot pursuer did ought slacke
 His former speede; she spies him not at all,
 And somewhat thereby cheer'd gan to recall
 Her nye fled hopes : yet fearing he might lye
 Neere some crosse path to worke his villanie,
 And being weary knowing it was vaine
 To hope for safety by her feet againe,
 She sought about where she her selfe might hide.

A hollow vaulted Rocke at last she spide,
 About whose sides so many bushes were,
 She thought securely she might rest her there.
 Farre vnder it a caue, whose entrance streight
 Clos'd with a stone-wrought doore of no meane weight;
 Yet from it selfe the *gemels* beaten so
 That little strength could thrust it to and fro.

Thither she came, and being gorten in
 Barr'd fast the darke caue with an iron pin.

The *Satyre* follow'd, for his cause of stay
 Was not a minde to leaue her, but the way
 Sharpe ston'd and thorny, where he pass'd of late
 Had cut his clouen foote, and now his gate
 Was not so speedy, yet by chance he sees
 Through some small glade that ran betweene the trees
 Where *Walla* went. And with a slower pace
 Fir'd with hot blood, at last attain'd the place.

When like a fearefull *Hare* within her *Forme*,
 Hearing the Hounds come like a threatning storme,
 In full cry on the walke where last she trode,
 Doubts to stay there, yet dreads to goe abroad :
 So *Valla* far'd. But since he was come nye
 And by an able strength and industry
 Sought to breake in; with teares anew she fell
 To vrge the Powres that on *Olympus* dwell.
 And then to *Ina* call'd : O if the roomes
 The Walkes and Arbours in these fruitfull * coombes
 Haue famous beene through all the Westerne Plaines
 In being guiltlesse of the lasting staines
 Pour'd on by lust and murther : keepe them free !
 Turne me to stone, or to a barked tree,

Vnto a Bird, or flowre, or ought forlorne;
 So I may dye as pure as I was borne.
 "Swift are the prayers and of speedy haste,
 "That take their wing from hearts so pure and chaste.
 "And what we aske of Heauen it still appears
 "More plaine to it in mirrours of our teares.
 Approu'd in *VValla*. When the *Satyre* rude
 Had broke the dore in two, and gan intrude
 With steps prophane into that sacred Cell,
 Where oft (as I haue heard our Shepheards tell)
 Fayre *Ina* vsde to rest from *Phabus* ray:
 She or some other hauing heard her pray,
 Into a Fountaine turn'd her; and now rise
 Such streames out of the caue, that they surpise
 The *Satyre* with such force and so great din,
 That quenching his lifes flame as well as sinne,
 They roul'd him through the Dale with mighty rore
 And made him flye that did pursue before.

Not farre beneath i'th Valley as she trends
 Her siluer streame, some *VVood-nymphes* and her friends
 That follow'd to her ayde beholding how
 A Brooke came gliding where they saw but now
 Some Heard were feeding; wondred whence it came
 Vntill a Nymph that did attend the game
 In that sweet Valley, all the proceffe told,
 Which from a thicke-leau'd tree she did hehold:
 See quoth the *Nymph* where the rude *Satyre* lyes
 Cast on the grasse; as if she did despise
 To haue her pure waues soyl'd (with such as he)
 Retayning still the loue of puritie.

To *Tany's* Christall streame her waters goe
 As if some secret power ordayned so,
 And as a Maide she lou'd him, so a Brooke
 To his imbracements onely her betooke.
 Where growing on with him, attain'd the state
 Which none but *Hymens* bonds can imitate.

On *VValla's* brooke her sisters now bewayle,
 For whom the Rockes spend teares when others sayle,
 And all the Woods ring with their piteous mones:
 Which *Tany* hearing, as hee chid the stones,

That stopt his speedy course, raising his head
 Inquir'd the cause, and thus was answered :
VValla is now no more. Nor from the hill
 Will she more plucke for thee the Daffadill,
 Nor make sweet *Anadems* to gird thy brow
 Yet in the Groves she runs; a *River* now

* *Sentida.*

Looke as the feeling * Plant which (learned *Swaines*
 Relate to grow on the *East Indian* Plaines)
 Shrinks vp his dainty leaues, if any sand
 You throw thereon, or touch it with your hand :
 So with the chance the heauy *Wood-nymphs* told,
 The *River* (inly touch'd) began to fold
 His armes acrosse, and (while the torrent raues)
 Shrunke his graue head, beneath his siluer waues.

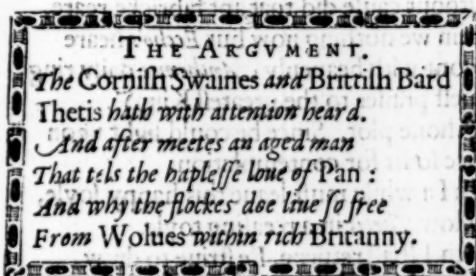
Since when he neuer on his banks appears
 But as one franticke : when the clouds spend teares
 He thinks they of his woes compassion take,
 (And not a Spring but weepes for *VValla's* sake)
 And then he often (to bemoane her lacke)
 Like to a mourner goes, his waters blacke,
 And euery Brooke attending in his way,
 For that time meetes him in the like aray.

Here *WILLY* that time ceas'd; and I a while
 For yonder's *Roget* comming o're the stile;
 'Tis two dayes since I saw him, (and you wonder
 You'le say that wee haue bene so long asunder)
 I thinke the louely *Heardesse* of the Dell
 That to an Oaten Quill can sing so well,
 Is shee that's with him : I must needs goe meet them,
 And if some other of you rise to greet them
 'Twere not amisse; the day is now so long
 That I ere night may end another Song.

The



The fourth Song.



UOKE as a *Louer* with a lingring
 kisse
 About to part with the best halfe
 that's his,
 Faine would hee stay but that hee
 feares to doe it,
 And curseth time for so fast hastning
 to it;

Now takes his leaue, and yet begins anew
 To make lesse vovwes then are esteemed true,
 Then sayes hee must be gone, and then doth finde
 Something he should haue spoke that's out of minde,
 And whilst he stands to looke for't in her eyes,
 Their sad-sweet glance so tyie his faculties,
 To thinke from what he parts, that he is now
 As farre from leauing her, or knowing how,
 As when he came; begins his former straine,
 To kisse, to vow, and take his leaue againe,
 Then turnes, comes backe, sighes, parts, and yet doth goe,
 Apt to retyre and loath to leaue her so :

Braue

Vide de ameni-
tate loci
Malmeb. 2. lib.
de gest. Pontif.
fol. 146.

*Ordulphus.

Braue Streame, so part I from thy flowry bancke,
Where first I breath'd, and (though vnworthy) dranke
Those sacred waters which the *Muses* bring
To woo *Britannia* to their ceaselesse spring.
Now would I on, but that the christall Wells,
The fertill Meadows, and their pleasing smels,
The Woods delightfull, and the scatt' red Groves,
(Where many *Nymphes* walke with their chaster Loues)
Soone make me stay : And thinke that *Ordgar's* * sonne
(Admonish'd by a heauenly vision)
Not without cause did that apt fabricke reare,
(Wherein we nothing now but *Eccho's* heare
That wont with heauenly *Anthemes* daily ring
And duest praises to the greatest King)
In this choise plot. Since he could light vpon
No place so fit for contemplation.
Though I a while must leaue this happy soyle,
And follow *Thetis* in a pleasing toyle,
Yet when I shall returne, Ile striue to draw
The *Nymphs* by *Thamar*, *Tany*, *Ex* and *Tau*,
By *Turridge*, *Otter*, *Ock*, by *Dert* and *Plym*,
With all the *Nayades* that fish and swim
In their cleare streames, to these our rising Downes,
Where while they make vs chaplets, wreaths & crownes,
Ile tune my Reede vnto a higher key,
(And haue already cond some of the *Lay*.)
Wherein (as *Mantua* by her *Virgils* birth
And *Thames* by him that sung her Nuptiall mirth)
You may be knowne (though not in equall pride)
As farre as *Tiber* throws his swelling Tide.
And by a Shepheard (feeding on your plaines)
In humble, lowly, plaine, and ruder straines,
Heare your worths challenge other floods among,
To haue a period equall with their song.

* Plymouth.

Where *Plym* and *Thamar* with imbraces meet
Thetis weighes Ancor now, and all her Fleet :
Leauing that spacious * *Sound*, within whose armes
I haue those Vessels seene, whose hote alarmes
Haue made *Iberia* tremble, and her towres
Prostrate themselves before our iron showres.

While

While their proud builders hearts haue beene inclynde
To shake (as our braue Ensignes) with the wynde.
For as an *Eyerie* from their *Seeges* wood
Led o're the Playnes and taught to get their food:
By seeing how their *Breeder* takes his prey
Now from an Orchard doe they scare the *Jey*,
Then ore the Corne-fields as they swiftly flye,
Where many thousand hurtfull *Sparrowes* lye
Beating the ripe graine from the bearded eare,
At their approach, all (ouergone with feare)
Seeke for their safety; some into the dyke,
Some in the hedges drop, and others like
The thicke-growne corne, as for their hiding best,
And vnder turfes or grasse most of the rest;
That of a flight which couer'd all the graine,
Not one appeares, but all or hid or slaine:
So by *Heroes* were we led of yore,
And by our drummes that thundred on each shore,
Stroke with amazement Countries farre and neere;
Whilst their Inhabitants like Herds of *Deere*,
By kingly *Lions* chas'd, fled from our Armes.
If any did oppose, instructed swarmes
Of men immayl'd; *Fate* drew them on to be
A greater *Fame* to our got Victory.

But now our Leaders want, those Vessels lye
Rotting, like houses through ill husbandry,
And on their *Masts*, where oft the *Ship-boy* stood,
Or siluer *Trumpets* charm'd the brackish *Flood*,
Some wearyed Crow it set, and daily seene
Their sides in stead of pitch calk'd ore with greene:
Ill hap (alas) haue you that once were knowne
By reaping what was by *Iberia* sowne,
By bringing yealow sheaues from out their plaine,
Making our *Barnes* the *store-house* for their graine:
When now as if we wanted land to till,
Wherewith we might our vselesse Souldiers fill:
Vpon their Hatches where halfe-pikes were borne
In euery chincke rise stems of bearded corne:
Mocking our idle times that so hath wrought vs,
Or putting vs in mine what once they brought vs.

Beare

* M. Scena.

Beare with me Shepheards if I doe digresse,
 And speake of what our selues doe not professe:
 Can I behold a man that in the field,
 Or at a breach hath taken on his Shield
 More Darts then euer *Romane; that hath spent
 Many a colde *December*, in no *Tent*
 But such as *Earth* and *Heauen* make; that hath beene
 Except in Iron *Plates* not long time seene;
 Vpon whose body may be plainly told
 More wounds then his lanke purse doth *almes-deeds* hold;
 O ! can I see this man (aduentring all)
 Be onely grac'd with some poore *Hospitall*,
 Or may be worse, intreating at his doore
 For some reliefe whom he secur'd before,
 And yet not shew my griefe ? First may I learne
 To see and yet forget how to discerne;
 My hands neglectfull be at any need
 Or to defend my body or to feed,
 Ere I respect those times that rather giue him
 Hundreds to punish then one to relieue him.

As in an Euening when the gentle ayre
 Breathes to the sullen night a soft repayre,
 I oft haue set on *Thames* sweet bancke to heare
 My Friend with his sweet touch to charme mine eare,
 When he hath plaid (as well he can) some straine
 That likes me, streight I aske the same againe,
 And he as gladly granting, strikes it o're
 With some sweet relish was forgot before:
 I would haue beene content if he would play,
 In that one straine to passe the night away;
 But fearing much to doe his patience wrong,
 Vnwillingly haue ask'd some other song:
 So in this differing *Key* though I could well
 A many houres but as few minutes tell,
 Yet least mine owne delight might iniure you
 (Though loath so soone) I take my Song anew.

Yet as when I with other Swaines haue beene
 Invited by the Maidens of our Greene
 To wend to yonder Wood, in time of yeare
 When Cherry-trees inticing burdens beare,

He

Hee that with wreathed legs doth vpwards goe,
 Pluckes not alone for those which stand below;
 But now and then is seene to picke a few
 To please himselfe as well as all his crew:
 Or if from where is he doe espie
 Some *Apricock* vpon a bough thereby,
 Which ouerhangs the tree on which hee stands,
 Climbes vp and strives to take it with his hands:
 So if to please my selfe I somewhat sing,
 Let it not be to you lesse pleasuring;
 No thirst of glory tempts me: for my straines
 Besit poore Shepheards on the lowly plaines;
 The hope of riches cannot draw from mee
 One line that tends to seruile flatterie,
 Nor shall the most in titles on the earth
 Blemish my *Muse* with an adulterate birth,
 Nor make me lay pure colours on a ground
 Where nought substantiall can be euer found.
 No; such as sooth a base and dunghill spirit,
 With attributes fit for the most of merit
 Cloud their free *Muse*; as when the *Sun* doth shine
 On straw and durt mixt by the sweating *Hym*
 It nothing gets from heapes so much impure
 But noysome steames that doe his light obscure.

My free-borne *Muse* will not like *Darius* be
 Wonne with base drosse to clip with slavery;
 Nor lend her choiser Balme to worthlesse men,
 Whose names would dye but for some hired pen;
 No: if I praise Vertue shall draw me to it,
 And not a base procurement make me doe it.
 What now I sing is but to passe away
 A tedious houre, as some *Musicians* play;
 Or make another my owne griefes bemone;
 Or to be least alone when most alone.
 In this can I as oft as I will chuse
 Hug sweet content by my retyred *Muse*,
 And in a study finde as much to please
 As others in the greatest *Pallaces*.
 Each man that liues, (according to his power)
 On what he loues bestowes an idle houre;

In stead of *Hounds* that make the wooded hills
 Talke in a hundred voyces to the Rils,
 I like the pleasing cadence of a line
 Strucke by the consort of the sacred *Nine*.
 In lieu of *Hawkes*, the raptures of my soule
 Transcend their pitch and baser earths controule.
 For *running Horses*, Contemplation flies
 With quickest speed to winne the greatest prize.
 For courtly *dancing* I can take more pleasure
 To heare a Verse keepe time and equall measure.
 For winning *Riches*, seeke the best directions
 How I may well subdue mine owne affections.
 For rayling stately pyles for heyres to come,
 Here in this *Poem* I erect my toombe.
 And time may be so kinde, in these weake lines
 To keepe my *Name* enroll'd, past his, that shines
 In guilded Marble, or in brazen leaues:
 Since Verse preserves when Stone and Brasse deceiues.
 Or if (as worthless) *Time* not lets it liue
 To those full dayes which others *Muses* giue,
 Yet I am sure I shall be heard and sung
 Of most seuerest eld, and kinder young
 Beyond my dayes, and maugre Enuyes strife
 Adde to my name some houres beyond my life.

Such of the *Muses* are the able powres,
 And since with them I spent my vacant houres,
 I finde nor Hawke, nor Hound, nor other thing,
 Turnyes nor Reuels, pleasures for a King,
 Yeeld more delight; for I haue oft posselt
 As much in this as all in all the rest,
 And that without expence, when others oft
 With their vndoings haue their pleasures bought.

On now my loued *Muse*, and let vs bring
Thetis to heare the *Cornish Michael* sing;
 And after him to see a Swaine vnfold
 The Tragedie of *DRAKE* in leaues of gold.
 Then heare another *GREENVILS* name relate,
 Which times succeeding shall perpetuate.
 And make those two the *Pillars* great of *Fame*,
 Beyond whose worths shall neuer sound a Name.

Nor

Nor *Honour* in her everlasting story
More deeper graue for all ensuing glory.

Now *Thetis* Hayes to heare the Shepheards tell
Where *Arthur* met his death, and *Mordred* fell
Of holy *Isule* (that fam'd her age)
With other *Virgins* in her pilgrimage.
And as she forwards steeres is showne the *Rocke*
Maine-Ambler, to be shooke with weakest shooke,
So equall is it poyzd; but to remoue
All strength would faile, and but an infants proue.
Thus while to please her some new Songs deuise,
And others *Diamonds* (shaped angle-wise,
And smooth'd by *Nature*, as she did impart
Some willing time to trim her selfe by *Art*)
Sought to present her and her happy crew:
Shee of the *Gulfe* and *Syllies* tooke a view.
And doubling then the poynt, made on away
Tow'rds goodly *Seuerne* and the *Irish Sea*,
There meets a Shepheard that began sing o're
The *Lay* which aged * *Robert* sung of yore,
In praise of *England* and the Deeds of Swaines
That whilom fed and rul'd vpon our plaines.
The *Brittish Bards* then were not long time mute;
But to their sweet *Harps* sung their famous *Brute*:
Striuing in spight of all the mists of eld
To haue his *Story* more autenticque held.

Why should we enuy them those wreaths of *Fame*?
Being as proper to the *Trojan* name
As are the dainty flowres which *Flora* spreads
Vnto the *Spring* in the discoloured Meads.
Rather afford them all the worth we may,
For what we giue to them adds to our Ray.
And *Brittons*: thinke not that your glories fall,
Deriued from a meane originall;
Since lights that may haue powre to checke the darke
Can haue their lustre from the smallest sparke.

"Not from Nobilitie doth Vertue spring,
"But Vertue makes fit Nobles for a King.
"From highest nests are croaking *Rauens* borne,
"When sweetest *Nightingales* sit in the *Thorne*.

* *Robert* of *Glo-*
cestre.

From what low Fount soere your beings are
 (In softer peace and mighty brunts of warre)
 Your owne worths challenge as triumphant *Bayes*
 As euer *Troian* hand had powre to raise.
 And when I leaue my Musickes plainer ground
 The world shall know it from *Bellona's* sound.
 Nor shall I erre from *Truth*; for what I write
 She doth peruse, and helps me to indite.
 The small conuerse which I haue had with some,
 Branches, which from those gallant trees haue come,
 Doth, what I sing, in all their acts approue
 And with more dayes increase a further loue.

As I haue seene the *Lady of the May*
 Set in an Arbour (on a *Holy-day*)
 Built by the *May-pole*, where the iocund Swaines
 Dance with the Maidens to the *Bagpipes* straines,
 When enuious Night commands them to be gone,
 Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
 And for their well performance soone disposes,
 To this a Garland interwoue with *Roses*.
 To that a carued Hooke, or well-wrought Scrip,
 Gracing another with her cherry lip:
 To one her Garter, to another then
 A Hand-kerchiefe cast ore and ore agen:
 And none returneth empty that hath spent
 His paynes to fill their rurall merriment:
 So *Nereus* Daughter when the Swaines had done
 With an vnsparing, liberall hand, begun
 To giue to euery one that sung before
 Rich orient *Pearles* brought from her hidden store,
 Red branching *Corrall*, and as precious *Jems*
 As euer beautifide the *Diadems*:
 That they might liue what chance their sheepe betide,
 On her reward, yet leaue their heyres beside.
 Since when I thinke the world doth nothing giue them,
 As weening *That* is euer should relieue them,
 And *Poets* freely spend a golden showre,
 As they expected *Her* againe each houre.

Then with her thanks and praises for their skill
 In tuning numbers of the sacred *Hill*,

Shee them dismist to their contented Coates:
And euery Swaine a seuerall passage floates
Vpon his *Dolphin*. Since whose safe repayre,
Those Fishes, like, a well composed ayre.
And (as in loue to men) are euer seene
Before a tempests rough regardlesse teene,
To swim high on the waues: as none should dare
Excepting fishes to aduenture there.

When these had left her she draue on in pride
Her prouder Coursers through the swelling tyde,
To view the *Cambrian* Cliffes, and had not gone
An houres full speede, but neere a Rocke (whereon
Congealed frost and snow in *Summer* lay,
Seldome dissolued by *Hyperions* ray)
Shee saw a troope of people take their seate,
Whereof some wrung their hands, and some did beate
Their troubled breasts, in signe of mickle woe,
For those are actions grieve inforceth to.
Will'ing to know the cause, somewhat neere hand
She spies an aged man sit by the strand,
Vpon a greene hill side, (not meanely crown'd
With golden flowres, as chiefe of all the ground)
By him a little Lad, his cunnings heyre,
Tracing greene Rushes for a Winter Chayre.
The old man while his sonne full neatly knits them
Vnto his worke begun, as trimly fits them.
Both so intending what they first propounded,
As all their thoughts by what they wrought were bounded.

To them *She* came, and kindly thus bespake:
Ye happy creatures, that your pleasures take
In what your needes inforce, and neuer ayme
A limitleffe desire to what may maime
The setled quiet of a peacefull state,
Patience attend your labours! And when Fate
Brings on the restfull night to your long dayes,
Wend to the fields of blisse! Thus *Thetis* prayes.

Fayre *Queene*, to whom all dutious prayse wee owe,
Since from thy spacious *Cesterne* daily flow
(Reply'd the Swaine) refreshing streames that fill
Earth's dugs (the hillockes) so preserving still

The

The infant grasse, when else our *Lambes* might bleate
 In vaine for sucke, whose *Dams* haue nought to eate.
 For these thy prayers we are doubly bound,
 And that these *Cleues* should know; but (6) to sound
 My often mended Pipe presumption were,
 Since *Pan* would play if thou wouldst please to heare.
 The louder blasts which I was wont to blow
 Are now but faint, nor doe my fingers know
 To touch halfe part those merry tunes I had.
 Yet if thou please to grace my little *Lad*
 With thy attention, he may somewhat strike
 Which thou from one so young maist chance to like.

With that the little Shepheard left his taske,
 And with a blush (the *Roses* onely maske)
 Denyde to sing. Ah father (quoth the Boy)
 How can I tune a seeming note of ioy?
 The worke which you command me, I intend
 Scarce with a halfe bent minde, and therefore spend
 In doing little, now, an houre or two
 Which I in lesser time could neater doe.
 As oft as I with my more nimble ioynts
 Trace the sharpe *Rushes* ends, I minde the points
 Which *Philocel* did giue; and when I brulh
 The pritty tuft that growes beside the rush,
 I neuer can forget (in yonder layre)
 How *Philocel* was wont to stroake my hayre.
 No more shall I be tane vnto the Wake,
 Nor wend a fishing to the winding Lake,
 No more shall I be taught on siluer strings
 To learne the measures of our banquettings.
 The twisted Collers, and the ringing Bels,
 The *Morrice Scarfes* and cleane drinking shels
 Will neuer be renew'd by any one;
 Nor shall I care for more when he is gone.
 See; yonder hill where he was wont to sit,
 A cloud doth keepe the golden *Sun* from it,
 And for his seate (as teaching vs) hath made
 A mourning couering with a scowling shade.
 The dew on euery flowre, this morne, hath laine
 Longer then it was wont, this side the plaine,

Belike

Belike they meane since my best friend must dye
To shed their siluer drops as he goes by.
Not all this day here, nor in comming hither;
Heard I the sweet Birds tune their Songs together,
Except one *Nightingale* in yonder Dell
Sigh'd a sad *Elegie* for *Philocel*.

Neere whom a *Wood-Dove* kept no small adoe,
To bid me in her language *Doe so too*,
The *Weathers* bell that leads our flicke around
Yeelds as me thinks this day a deader sound.
The little *Sparrowes* which in hedges creepe,
Ere I was vp did seeme to bid me weepe.
If these doe so, can I haue feeling lesse,
That am more apt to take and to expresse?

No: let my owne tunes be the *Mandrakes* grone
If now they tend to mirth when all haue none.

No pritty Lad (quoth *Thetis*) thou dost well
To feare the losse of thy deere *Philocel*.
But tell me *Sire* what may that Shepheard be,
Or if it lye in vs to set him free,
Or if with you yond people touch'd with woe
Vnder the selfe-same load of sorrow goe.

Faire *Queene* (replyde the Swaine) one is the cause
That moues our griefe, and those kind shepheards drawes
To yonder rocke. Thy more then mortall spirit
May giue a good beyond our powre to merit.
And therefore please to heare while I shall tell
The haplesse Fate of hopelesse *Philocel*.

Whilome great *Pan*, the Father of our flockes

Lou'd a faire Lasse so famous for her lockes,

That in her time all women first began

To lay their looser tresses to the *Sun*.

And theirs whose hew to hers was not agreeing,

Were still roll'd vp as hardly worth the seeing.

Fondly haue some beene led to thinke, that *Mary*

Musickes invention first of all began

From the dull *Hammers* stroke; since well we know,

From sure tradition that hath taught vs so,

Pan sitting once to sport him with his *Rayre*

Mark'd the intention of the gentle ayre,

In the sweet sound her chaste words brought along;
 Fram'd by the repercussion of her tongue:
 And from that harmony began the *Art*
 Which others (though vnaistly) doe impart
 To bright *Apollo*, from a meaner ground,
 A sledge or parched nerves; meane things to found
 So rare an *Art* on; when there might be given
 All earth for matter, with the gyre of heaven.
 To keepe her slender fingers from the *Sunne*
Pan through the pastures oftentimes hath runne
 To plucke the speckled *Faxe-gloves* from their stem,
 And on those fingers neatly placed them.
 The *Hony-suckles* would he often strip
 And lay their sweetness on her sweeter lip:
 And then as in reward of such his paine,
 Sip from those cherries some of it againe.
 Some say, that *Nature*, while this lovely Maide
 Liu'd on our plaines, the teeming earth aside
 With *Damask-Roses* in each pleasant place,
 That men might liken somewhat to her face.
 Others report: *Venus*, afraid her *sonne*
 Might loue a mortall as he once had done,
 Preferd an earnest *swre* to highest *Ioue*
 That he which bore the winged shafts of loue
 Might be debar'd his sight, which *swre* was sign'd,
 And euer since the *God of Loue* is blynde.
 Hence is't he shootes his shafts so cleane awry,
 Men learne to loue when they should learne to dye.
 And women, which before, to loue began
 Man without wealth, loue wealth without a man.
 Great *Pan* of his kinde *Nymph* had the embracing
 Long, yet too short a time. For as in tracing
 These pithfull *Rushes*, such as are aloft,
 By those that rais'd them presently are brought
 Beneath vnseene: So in the loue of *Pan*
 (For Gods in loue doe vndergoe as many
 Shee, whose affection made him raise his song,
 And (for her sport) the *Satyres* rude among
 Tread wilder measures, then the frolike guests,
 That lift their light hooles at *Lycens* feasts;

She

Shee, by the light of whose quicke-turning eye
 Hee neuer read but of felicitie
 Shee whose assurance made him more then *Pan*,
 Now makes him farre more wretched then a man.
 For mortals in their losse haue death a friend,
 When Gods haue losses, but their losse no end.

It chanc'd one morne (clad in a robe of gray
 And blushing oft as rising to betray)
 Intic'd this lovely Maiden from her bed
 (So when the *Roses* haue discovered
 Their taintlesse beauties, flies the earely *Bee*
 About the winding *Allyes* merrily.)
 Into the Wood: and 'twas her vsuall sport,
 Sitting where most harmonious Birds resort,
 To imitate their warbling in a quill
 Wrought by the hand of *Pan*, which she did fill
 Halfe full with water: and with it hath made
 The *Nightingale* (beneath a fullen shade)
 To chant her vtmost *Lay*, nay, to inuent
 New notes to passe the others instrument,
 And (harmelesse soule) ere she would leaue that strife,
 Sung her last song and ended with her life.
 So gladly chusing (as doe other some)
 Rather to dye then liue and be o're come.

But as in *Autumne* (when birds cease their noates,
 And stately Forrests d'on their *yealow* coates,
 When *Ceres* golden lockes are nearely shorne
 And mellow fruit from trees are roughly torne)
 A little Lad set on a bancke to shale
 The ripened Nuts pluck'd in a woody Vale
 Is frighted thence (of his deare life afeard)
 By some wilde Bull lowde bellowing for the heard:
 So while the *Nymph* did earnestly contest
 Whether the Birds or the recorded best,
 A Rauinous *Wolfe*, bent eager to his prey
 Rush'd from a theeuish brake, and making way,
 The twyned Thornes did crackle one by one,
 As if they gaue her warning to be gone.
 A rougher gale bent downe the lashing boughes,
 To beate the beast from what his hunger vowes.

mon

O

When

When shee (amaz'd) rose from her haplesse seate
 (Small is resistance where the feare is great)
 And struiuing to be gone, with gaping iawes
 The Wolfe pursues, and as his rending pawes
 Were like to seise, a *Holly* bent betweene,
 For which good deed his leaues are euer greene.

Saw you a lusty *Massiue* at the *stake*
 Throwne from a cunning *Bull*, more fiercely make
 A quicke returne; yet to prevent the goare
 Or deadly bruize which he escap'd before,
 Wynde here and there, nay creepe if rightly bred,
 And proffing otherwhere, fight still at head:
 So though the stubborne boughes did thrust him backe,
 (For *Nature*, loath, so rare a *Jewels* wracke,
 Seem'd as shee here and there had plash'd a tree,
 If possible to hinder *Destiny*.)

The sauage Beast foaming with anger flies
 More fiercely then before, and now he tries
 By sleights to take the Maide; as I haue scene
 A nimble *Tumbler* on a burrow'd greene,
 Bend cleane awry his course, yet giue a checke
 And throw himsele vpon a *Rabbets* necke.
 For as he hotly chas'd the Loue of *Pan*,
 A Heard of Deere out of a thicket ran,
 To whom he quickly turn'd, as if he meant
 To leaue the Maide, but when shee swiftly bent
 Her race downe to the Plaine, the swifter Deere
 He soone forsooke. And now was got so neere
 That (all in vaine) she turned to and fro
 (As well she could) but not preuailing so,
 Breathlesse and weary calling on her Loue
 With fearefull shrikes that all the *Ecchoes* moue
 (To call him to) shee fell downe deadly wan,
 And ends her sweet life with the name of *Pan*.

A youthfull *Shepherd* of the neighbour *Wold*
 Missing that morne a sheepe out of his *Fold*,
 Carefully seeking round to finde his *stray*,
 Came on the instant where this *Damsell* lay.
 Anger and pittie in his manly brest
 Vrge yet restraîne his teares. Sweet Maide possesse

(Quoth

(Quoth hee) with lasting sleepe, accept from mee
His end, who ended thy hard destinie!

With that his strong Dog of no dastard kinde

(Swift as the *Fowles* conceiv'd by the winde)

He sets vpon the *Wolfe*, that now with speede

Flyes to the neighbour-wood, and least a deed

So full of ruthe should vnreuenged be

The shepheard followes too, so earnestly

Chearing his Dog that he neere turn'd againe

Till the curst *Wolfe* lay strangled on the plaine.

The ruin'd temple of her purer soule

The shepheard buryes. All the *Nymphes* condole

So great a losse while on a *Cypresse* graffe

Neere to her graue they hung this *Epitaph*:

Least soath'd age might spoyle the worke in whom
All earth delight'd, Nature tooke it home.

Or angry all hers else were carelesse deem'd,

Here hid her best to haue the rest esteem'd.

For feare men might not thinke the Fates so crosse

But by their rigour in as great a losse,

If to the graue there euer was assign'd

One like this *Nymph* in body and in minde,

We wish her here in balme not vainely spent,

To sit this Maiden with a Monument.

For *Brasse* and *Marble* were they seat'd here

Would fret or melt in teares to lye so neere.

Now *Pan* may sit and tune his Pipe alone

Among the wish'd shades, since thee is gone

Whose willing eare allur'd him more to play,

Then if to heare him should *Apollo* stay.

Yet happy *Pan*! and in thy Loue more blest,

Whom none but onely death hath dispossest;

While others loue as well, yet liue to be

Lesse wrong'd by Fate then by inconstancy.

The sable mantle of the silent night

Shut from the world the euer-joyfome light.

Care fled away, and softest slumbers please

To leaue the Court for lowly Cottages.

Wilde beasts forsooke their dens on woody hills,
 And sleightfull *Otters* left the purling Rills;
Rookes to their Nests in high woods now were flung
 And with their spread wings shield their naked young.
 When theenes from thickers to the crosse-wayes stir,
 And terrour frights the loanely passenger.
 When nought was heard but now and then the howle
 Of some vilde Curre, or whooping of the Owle;
Pan that the day before was farre away
 At shepheards sports, return'd, and as he lay
 Within the bowre wherein he most delighted,
 Was by a gasty vision thus affrighted:
 Heart-thrilling groines first heard he round his bowre,
 And then the Schrich-owle with her vmoost powre
 Labour'd her loathed note, the forrests bending
 With windes, as *Hecate* had beene ascending.
 Hereat his curled hayres on end doe rise,
 And chilly drops trill ore his staring eyes:
 Faine would he call, but knew not who nor why,
 Yet getting heart at last would vp and try
 If any diuellish Hag were come abroad
 With some kinde Mothers late deliuer'd load,
 A ruthlesse bloody sacrifice to make
 To those infernall Powres, that by the Lake
 Of mighty *Styx* and blacke *Corymbus* dwell,
 Ayding each Witches Charme and misticke Spell.
 But as he rais'd himselfe within his bed
 A sodaine light about his lodging spread,
 And therewithall his *Loue* all ashy pale
 As euening mist from vp a watry Vale,
 Appeard, and weakly neere his bed she prest,
 A rauell'd wound distain'd her purer brest.
 (Brefts softer farre then tufts of vnwrought silke)
 Whence had she liu'd to giue an infant milke,
 The vertue of that liquor (without ods)
 Had made her babe immortall as the Gods.
Pan would haue spoke, but him she thus preuents:
 Wonder not that the troubled Elements
 Speake my approach; I draw no longer breath,
 But am inforced to the shades of death.

My

My Exequies are done, and yet before
I take my turne to be transported ore
The neather floods among the shades of *Dis*
To end my iourney in the fields of blisse:
I come to tell thee that no humane hand
Made me seeke wafrage on the *Stygian* strand;
It was an hungry *Wolfe* that did imbrue
Himselfe in my last blood. And now I sue
In hate to all that kinde, and shepheards good
To be reuenged on that cursed brood.
Pan vow'd, and would haue clipt her, but she fled
And as she came so quickly vanished.

Looke as a well-growne stately headed *Bucke*.
But lately by the *Wood-mans* arrow stricke,
Runs gadding ore the Lawnes or nimbly strays
Among the combrous Brakes a thousand wayes,
Now through the high wood scowrs, then by the brooks,
On euery hill side, and each vale he lookes,
If 'mongst their store of simples may be found
An hearbe to draw and heale his smarting wound,
But when he long hath sought, and all in vaine,
Steales to the Couert closely backe againe,
Where round ingirt with *Ferne* more highly sprung,
Striues to appease the raging with his tongue,
And from the speckled Heard absents him till
He be recouer'd somewhat of his ill:
So wounded *Pan* turnes in his restlesse bed,
But finding thence all ease abandoned,
He rose and through the wood distracted runs:
Yet carryes with him what in vaine he shuns.
Now he exclaim'd on Fate: and wish'd he nere
Had mortall lou'd, or that he mortall were.
And sitting lastly on an *Oakes* bare trunke
(Where raine in Winter stood long time vnfuncke)
His plaints he gan renew, but then the light
That through the boughes flew from the Queen of night,
(As giuing him occasion to repine)
Bewrayde an *Elme* imbraced by a *Pine*,
Clipping so strictly that they seem'd to bee
One in their growth, one shade, one fruit, one tree.

Her

Her boughes his armes, his leques so mixt with hers;
 That with no winde he mou'd but streight she stirs.
 As shewing all should be, whom loue combynde,
 In motion one, and onely two in kynde.
 This more afflicts him while he thinketh most
 Not on his losse, but on the substance lost.
 O haplesse *Pan*, had there but beene one by,
 To tell thee (though as poore a Swaine as I)
 Though (whether casuall meanes or death doe moue)
 "Wee part not without grieve things held with loue:
 "Yet in their losse some comfort may be got
 "If wee doe minde the time wee had them not,
 This might haue lessen'd somewhat of thy paine,
 Or made thee loue as thou mightst loose againe.
 If thou the best of women didst forgoe
 Weigh if thou foundst her, or did'st make her so;
 If shee were found so, know there's more then one;
 If made, the *Workman* liues, though she be gone.
 Should from mine eyes the light be rane away,
 Yet night her pleasures hath as well as day.
 And my desires to heauen, yeeld lesse offence,
 Since blindness is a part of Innocence.
 So though thy Loue sleepe in eternall night,
 Yet there's in loannesse somewhat may delight.
 In stead of dalliance, partnership in woes,
 It wants, the care to keepe, and feare to loose.
 For Iealoulies and fortunes baser pelfe,
 He rest inioyes that well inioyes himselfe.

Had some one told thee thus, or thou bethought thee
 Of inward help, thy sorrow had not brought thee
 To weigh misfortune by anothers good:
 Nor leaue thy seate to range about the wood.
 Stay where thou art, turne where thou wert before,
 Light yeelds small comfort, nor hath darknesse more.

A woody hill there stood at whose low feet
 Two goodly streames in one broad channell meet,
 Whose fretfull waues beating against the hill,
 Did all the bottome with soft muttrings fill.
 Here in a nooke made by another mount,
 (Whose stately Oakes are in no lesse account

For height or spreading, then the proudest be
That from *Oëta* looke on *Theffaly*)
Rudely o're hung there is a vaulted caue
That in the day as fullen shadowes gaue,
As Eucning to the woods. An vncouth place,
(Where Hags and Goblins might retyre a space)
And hated now of Shepheards, lince there lyes
The corps of one (lesse louing Deities
Then wee affected him) that neuer lent
His hand to ought but to our detriment.
A man that onely liu'd to liue no more,
And dy'de still to be dying. Whose chiefe store
Of vertue, was, his hate did not pursue her,
Because he onely heard of her, not knew her.
That knew no good, but onely that his sight
Saw euery thing had still his opposite.
And euer this his apprehension caught,
That what he did was best, the other naught.
That alwayes lou'd the man that neuer lou'd,
And hated him whose hate no death had mou'd.
That (politique) at fitting time and season
Could hate the Traitor, and yet loue the Treason.
That many a wofull heart (ere his decease)
In pieces tore to purchase his owne peace.
Who neuer gaue his almes but in this fashon,
To salue his credit, more then for saluation.
Who on the names of good-men euer fed,
And (most accursed) sold the poore for bread.
Right like the *Pitch-tree*, from whose any limbe
Comes neuer twig, shall be the seede of him.
The *Muses* scorn'd by him, laugh at his fame,
And neuer will vouchsafe to speake his Name.
Let no man for his losse one teare let fall,
But perish with him his memoriall !

Into this caue the God of Shepheards went,
The Trees in grones, the Rockes in teares lament
His fatall chance, the Brookes that whilome lept
To heare him play while his faire Mistrresse slept,
Now left their *Eddyes* and such wanton moods,
And with loud clamours fild the neighbring woods.

There

There spent he most of night : but when the day
 Drew from the earth her pitchy vaile away,
 When all the flowry plaines with Carols rung
 That by the mounting Larke were shrilly sung,
 When dusky mists rose from the christall floods,
 And darknesse no where raign'd but in the woods;
Pan left the *Cave*, and now intends to finde
 The sacred place where lay his *Loue* enshrine.
 A plot of earth, in whose chill armes was laide
 As much perfection as had euer Maide :
 If curious *Nature* had but taken care
 To make more lasting, what she made so faire.

Now wanders *Pan* the arched Groves, and hils
 Where *Fayeries* often danc'd, and Shepheards quils
 In sweet contentions pass'd the tedious day :

Yet (being carely) in his vnknowne way
 Met not a Shepherd, nor on all the Plaine
 A Flocke then feeding saw, nor of his traine
 One iolly *Satyre* stirring yet abroad,
 Of whom he might inquire; this to the load
 Of his affliction addes; Now hee inuokes

* *Hamadriades.*

Those * *Nymphes* in mighty Forrests, that with *Oakes*
 Haue equall *Fates*, each with her seuerall Tree
 Receiuing birth, and ending, Destinie.

Cals on all Powres, intreats that hee might haue
 But for his *Loue*, the knowledge of her graue;
 That since the *Fates* had tane the *Iem* away,
 He might but see the *Carknet* where it lay;
 To doe fit right to such a part of molde,
 Couering so rare a piece, that all the *Gold*
 Or *Diamond* Earth can yeeld, for value, ne're
 Shall match the treasure which was hidden there !

A hunting *Nymph* awakened with his mone,
 (That in a bowre neere-hand lay all alone,
 Twynning her small armes round her slender waste
 That by no others vs'd to be imbrac'd)
 Got vp, and knowing what the day before
 Was guiltie of; shee addes not to his store
 As many simply doe, whose friends so crost
 They more afflict by shewing what is lost :

But

But bad him follow her. He as she leades,
Vrgeth her hast. So a kinde mother treads
Earnest, distracted, where, with blood defil'de
She heares lyes dead her deere and onely childe.
Mistrust now wing'd his feet, then raging ire,
"For *Speede* comes euer lamely to *Desire*.

Delays, the *stones* that waiting *Suiters* grinde,
By whom at *Court* the poore mans *cause* is sign'd.
Who, to dispatch a suite, will not deferre
To take death for a ioynt *Commissioner*.
Delay, the *Wooers* bane, *Reuenges* hate,
The plague to Creditors decaid estate,
The *Test* of Patience, of our Hopes the *Racke*
That drawes them forth so long vntill they cracke,
Vertues best benefactor in our times,
One that is set to punish great mens crimes,
Shee that had hindred mighty *Pan* a while,
Now steps aside: and as ore-flowing *Nyle*
Hid from *Clymene's* sonne his reeking head
So from his rage all opposition fled;
Guing him way, to reach the timelesse *Toombe*
Of *Natures* glory, for whose ruthlesse doome
(When all the *Graces* did for mercy pleade,
And *Youth* and *Goodnesse* both did intercede)
The *Sonnes* of *Earth* (if liuing) had beene driuen
To heape-on hils, and warre anew with heauen.
The Shepheards which hee mist vpon the Downes
Here meetes he with: for from the neighbring Townes
Maidens and Men resorted to the graue
To see a wonder more then time e're gaue.

The holy Priests had told them long agone
Amongst the learned Shepheards there was *one*
So giuen to pietie, and did adore
So much the name of *Pan*; that when no more
He breath'd, those that to ope his heart began,
Found written there with gold the name of *Pan*.
Which, vnbeleeuing man, that is not mou'd
To credit ought, if not by reason prou'd,
And tyes the ouer-working powre to doe
Nought otherwise then *Nature* reacheth to,

Held as most fabulous : Not inly seeing,
 The hand by whom wee liue, and All haue beeing
 No worke for admirable doth intend,
 Which *Reason* hath the powre to comprehend,
 And *Faith* no merit hath from heauen lent
 Where humane reason yeeids experiment.
 Till now they durst not trust the *Legend* old,
 Esteeming all not true their *Elders* tolde,
 And had not this last accident made good
 The former, most, in vnbeliefe had stood.

But *Fame* that spread the bruite of such a wonder,
 Bringing the Swaine of places far a sunder
 To this selected plot (now famous more
 Then any Groue, Mount, Plaine, had beene before
 By relicke, vision, buriall or birth
 Of *Anchoreesse*, or *Hermit* yet, on earth.)
 Out of the Maidens bed of endlesse rest
 Shewes them a *Tree* new growne, so fairely drest
 With spreading armes and curled top, that *Ioue*
 Ne're brauer saw in his *Dodonian* Groue,
 The hart-like leaues oft each with other pyle,
 As doe the hard scales of the *Crocodyle*;
 And none on all the Tree was seene but bore
 Written thereon in rich and purest Ore
 The name of *Pan*; whose lustre farre beyond
 Sparkl'd, as by a Torch the *Diamond*.
 Or those bright *spangles* which fayre *Goddesse* doe
 Shine in the hayre of these which follow you.
 The Shepheards by direction of great *Pan*,
 Search'd for the roote, and finding it began
 In her true heart, bids them againe inclose
 What now his eyes for euer, euer, lose.
 Now in the selfe-same Spheare his thoughts must moue
 With * him that did the shady *Plane-tree* loue.
 Yet though no issue from her loynes shall be
 To draw from *Pan* a noble *peddigree*,
 And *Pan* shall not as other *Gods* haue done
 Glory in deedes of an heroicke Sonne,
 Nor haue his Name in Countreyes neere and farre
 Proclaim'd; as by his Childe the *Thunderer*;

* *Xerxes*.

If *Phœbus* on this Tree spread warming rayes,
And Northerne blasts kill not her tender spraves;
His Loue shall make him famous in repute,
And still increase his Name, yet beare no fruite.

To make this sure, (the God of Shepherds last)
(When other Ceremonies were o're-past)
And to performe what he before had vow'd
To dire Reuenge. Thus spake vnto the crow'd:

What I haue lost kinde Shepherds all you know;
And to recount it were to dwell in woe;
To shew my passion in a *Funerall Song*,
And with my sorrow draw your sighes along,
Words, then, well plac'd might challenge somewhat due,
And not the cause alone, winne teares from you.

This to preuent, I set *Orations* by
"For passion seldome loues formalitie.

What profits it a prisoner at the Barre,

To haue his iudgement spoken regular?

Or in the prison heare it often read,

When he at first knew what was forfeited?

Our griefes in others teares, like plates in water

Seeme more in quantitie. To be relator

Of my mishaps, speakes weakenesse, and that I

Haue in my selfe no powre of remedy.

Once, (yet that once too often) heretofore

The siluer *Ladon* on his sandy shore

Heard my complaints, and those coole Groues that be

Shading the brest of louely *Arcady*

Witness, the teares which I for *Syrinx* spent,

Syrinx the faire, from whom the instrument

That fills your feasts with ioy, (which when I blow

Drawes to the sagging dug milke white as snow,

Had his beginning. This enough had beene

To shew the *Fates* (my *deemed sisters) teene.

Here had they staid, this Adage had beene none

"That our disasters neuer come alone.

What boot is it though I am said to be

The worthy sonne of winged *Mercury*?

That I with gentle *Nymphes* in Forrests high

Kist out the sweet time of my infancy?

* *Pronapie*, in
suo *Protocofmo*.

* *Apollonius
Smyrnenus.*

And when more yeares had made me able growne
Was through the Mountaines for their leader knowne?
That high-brow'd *Manalus* where I was bred
And stony hills not few haue honoured
Me as protector, by the hands of Swaines
Whose sheepe retyre there from the open plaines?
That I in Shepherds cups (*reiesting gold)
Of milke and hony measures eight times told
Haue offred to me; and the ruddy wine
Fresh and new pressed from the bleeding Vine?
That gleeesome *Hunters* pleased with their sport,
With sacrifices due haue thank'd me for't.
That patient *Anglers* standing all the day
Neere to some shallow stickle or deepe bay.
And *Fishermen* whose nets haue drawne to land
A shoale so great it well-nye hides the sand,
For such successe, some *Promontories* head
Thrust at by waues, hath knowne me worshipped?
But to increase my grieft, what profits this?
"Since still the losse is as the looser is."

The many-kernell-bearing *Pyne* of late
From all trees else to mee was consecrate;
But now behold a roote more worth my loue,
Equall to that which in an obscure Grove
Internall *Iuno* proper takes to her:
Whose golden slip the *Troian wanderer*
(By sage *Cumaean Sybil* taught) did bring
(By *Fates* decreed) to be the warranting
Of his free passage, and a safe repayre
Through darke *Auernus* to the vpper ayre.
This must I succour, this must I defend
And from the wilde Boares rooting euer shend;
Here shall the *Wood-pecker* no entrance finde,
Nor *Tiny's Beuers* gnaw the clothing rinde,
Lambeders Heards, nor *Radnors* goodly Deere:
Shall neuer once be seene a browsing here.
And now yee *Brittish* Swaines, (whose harmelesse sheepe
Then all the worlds besides I ioy to keepe,
Which spread on euery Plaine and hilly Wold
Fleeces no lesse esteem'd then that of Gold,

For

For whose exchange one *Indy* lems of price,
The other giues you of her choicest *spice*.
And well thee may; but wee vnwise the while
Lesse the glory of our fruitfull *Isle*:
Making those Nations thinke we foolish are,
For baser Drugs to vnt our richer ware,
Which (saue the bringer) neuer profit man
Except the *Sexten* and *Physitian*.
And whether change of *Clymes* or what it be
That proues our *Mariners* mortalitie,
Such expert men are spent for such bad *fares*
As might haue made vs *Lords* of what is *theirs*.
Stay, stay at home yee Nobler spirits, and prise
Your liues more high then such base trumperies;
Forbeare to fetch; and they'le goe neere to sue,
And at your owne dores offer them to you;
Or haue their woods and plaines so ouergrowne
With poynsous weeds, roots, gums and seeds vnknowne;
That they would hire such *Weeders* as you be
To free their land from such fertilitie.
Their Spices hot their nature best indures,
But 'twill impayre and much distemper yours.
What our owne soyle affords befits vs best.
And long, and long, for euer may wee rest
Needlesse of help! and may this *Isle* alone
Furnish all other Lands, and this Land none!
Excuse me *Thetis*, quoth the aged man,
If passion drew me from the words of *Pan*!
Which thus I follow: You whose flockes, quoth he,
By my protection, quit your industry,
For all the good I haue and yet may giue
To such as on the Plaines hereafter liue,
I doe intreat what is not hard to grant,
That not a hand rend from this holy Plant
The smallest branch; and who so cutteth this
Dye for th'offence; to mee so haynous 'tis.
And by the *Floods infernall* here I sweare,
(An oath whose breach the greatest Gods forbear,)
Ere *Phaëbe* thrice twelue times shall fill her hornes
No furzy tuft, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes!

Shall

Shall harbour *Wolfe*, nor in this Ile shall breed,
 Nor live one of that kinde: if what's decreed,
 You keep inuolate. To this they swore:
 And since those beasts haue frightened vs no more.
 But Swaine (quoth *Thetis*) what is this you tell,
 To what you feare shall fall on *Philocel*?
 Faire *Queene* attends; but oh I feare, quoth hee,
 Ere I haue ended my sad History,
 Vnstaying time may bring on his last houre,
 And so defraud vs of thy wished powre.
 Yond goes a Shepherd, giue me leaue to run
 And know the time of execution,
 Mine aged limbes I can a little straine,
 And quickly (come to end the rest) againe.

The
 Which thus I follow: You whole flockes, whom he
 By my protection, quit your industry,
 For all the good I haue and yet may giue
 To such as on the Plains he pastures
 I doe intend what is not hard to grant,
 That not a hand reach from this holy Plain
 The smallest branch; and who so curcheth this
 The for the offered to mee so hauious fine
 And by the flocke which here I feede,
 (An oath whole breich the greatest Gods forbear)
 Ere three times twelue shall fill her homes
 No turrett, thicke wood, nor brake of thornes



The fifth Song.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Within this Song my Muse doth tell
The worthy fact of Philocel,
And how his Love and he in thrall
To death depriv'd of Funerall
The Queene of Waues doth gladly saue.
And frees Marina from the Caue.*



O soone as can a *Martin* from our Towne
Fly to the Riuer vnderneath the Downe,
And backe returne with mortar in her bill,
Some little cranny in her nest to fill,
The shepherd came. And thus began anew:
Two houres alas, onely two houres are due

From time to him, 'tis sentenc'd so of those
That here on earth as *Destinies* dispose
The liues and deaths of men; and that time past
He yeelds his iudgement leaue and breathes his last.

But to the cause. *Great Goddesse* vnderstand
In *Mona Ile* thrust from the *Brittish* land,
As (since it needed nought of others store)
In would intyre be, and a part no more,
There liu'd a *Maid* so faire, that for her sake
Since she was borne the Ile had neuer Snake,
Nor were it fit a deadly sting should be
To hazard such admired *Symmetrie*,
So many beauties so commixt in one,
That all delight were dead if she were gone.
Shepherds that in her cleare eyes did delight,
Whilst they were open neuer held it night :

And

And were they shut, although the morning gray
 Call'd vp the *Sun*, they hardly thought it day.
 Or if they call'd it so, they did not passe
 Withall to say that it eclipsed was.
 The *Roses* on her cheekes, such, as each turne
Phabus might kisse, but had no powre to burne.
 From her sweet lips distill sweets sweeter doe,
 Then from a Cherry halfe way cut in two :
 Whose yeelding touch would as *Promethean* fire
 Lumps truely senslesse with a *Muse* inspire,
 Who praying her would youth's desire so stirre,
 Each man in ~~hand~~ should be a rauisher.
 Some say the nimble-witted *Mercury*
 Went late disguis'd professing *Palmistrie*,
 And *Milke-maides* fortunes told about the Land,
 Onely to get a touch of her soft hand.
 And that a Shepheard walking on the brim
 Of a cleare streame where she did vse to swim,
 Saw her by chance, and thinking she had beene
 Of Chastitie the pure and fairest Queene,
 Stole thence dismaid, least he by her decree
 Might vndergoe *Affcons* destinie.
 Did youths kinde heate inflame me (but the snow
 Vpon my head, shewes it coold long agoe)
 I then could giue (fitting so faire a feature)
 Right to her fame, and fame to such a creature.
 When now much like a man the *Palsie* shakes,
 And spectacles befriend, yet vndertakes
 To lymbe a Lady, to whose red and white
Apelles curious hand would owe some right;
 His too vnsteady Pencell, shadowes here
 Somewhat too much, and giues not ouer, cleere;
 His eye deceiu'd mingles his colours wrong,
 There strikes too little, and here stayes too long,
 Does and vndoes, takes off, puts on (in vaine)
 Now too much white, then too much red againe,
 And thinking then to giue some speciall grace,
 He workes it ill, or so mistakes the place,
 That shee which sits were better pay for nought,
 Then haue it ended, and so lamely wrought :

So doe I in this weake description erre;
 And striving more to grace more iniure her.
 For euer where true worth for praise doth call
 Hee rightly nothing giues that giues not all.
 But as a Lad who learning to diuide,
 By one small misse the whole hath falsified
Celia men call'd, and rightly call'd her so :
 Whom *Philocel* (of all the Swaines I know
 Most worthy) lou'd : alas ! that loue should be
 Subiect to fortunes mutabilitie !
 What euer learned *Bards* to fore haue sung,
 Or to the Plaines Shepheards and Maydens young,
 Of sad mishaps in loue are set to tell,
 Comes short to match the Fate of *Philocel*.

For as a *Labourer* toying at a *Bay*
 To force some cleere streame from his wonted way,
 Working on this side sees the water run
 Where hee wrought last, and thought it firmly done;
 And that leake stopt, heares it come breaking out
 Another where, in a farre greater spout,
 Which mended to, and with a turffe made trim
 The brooke is ready to o'reflow the brim,
 Or in the bancke the water hauing got
 Some Mole-hole, runs, where he expected not :
 And when all's done, still feares, least some great raine
 Might bring a flood and throw all downe againe :
 So in our Shepheards loue; one hazard gone
 Another still as bad was comming on.
 This danger past another doth begin
 And one mishap thrust out lets twenty in.
 For hee that loues and in it hath no stay
 Limits his blisse feld' past the Marriage day.

But *Philocels* alas and *Celia's* too
 Must ne're attaine so farre, as others doe.
 Else *Fortune* in them from her course should swerue
 Who most afflicts those that most goods deserue.
 Twice had the glorious *Sun* run through the *Signes*,
 And with his kindly heate improu'd the Mines,
 (As such affirme with certaine hopes that try
 The vaine and fruitlesse Art of *Alchymie*)

Q

Since

Since our Swaine lou'd: and twife had *Phabus* bin
 In horned *Aries* taking vp his Inne,
 Ere he of *Calia's* heart poffeffion wonne.
 And fince that time all his intentions done
 Nothing, to bring her thence. All eyes vpon her,
 Watchfull, as *Vertues* are on trueft *Honour*.
 Kept on the Ile as carefully of fome,
 As by the *Troians* their *Palladium*.

But where's the *Fortrefse* that can *Loue* debarre?
 The *forces* to oppofe when he makes warre?
 The *Watch* which he fhall neuer finde afleepe?
 The *Spye* that fhall difclofe his counfels deepe?
 That *Fort*, that *Force*, that *Watch*, that *Spye* would be
 A lafting ftop to a fifth *Empery*.

But wee as well may keepe the heate from fire
 As feuer hearts whom loue hath made intyre.

In louely *May* when *Titans* golden rayes
 Make ods in houres betweene the nights and dayes;
 And weigheth almoft downe the once-eauen Scale
 Where night and day, by th' *Aequinoſtiall*
 Were laid in ballance, as his powre hee bent
 To baniſh *Cynthia* from her Regiment,
 To *Latmus* ſtately *Hill*; and with his light
 To rule the vpper world both day and night,
 Making the poore *Antipodes* to feare
 A like coniunction twixt great *Iupiter*
 And ſome *Alcmena* new, or that the *Sun*
 From their *Horizon* did obliquely run:
 This time the *Swaines* and *Maidens* of the Ile
 The day with ſportiue dances doe beguile,
 And every Valley rings with ſhepheards ſongs,
 And every *Eccho* each ſweet noate prolongs,
 And every Riuer with vnſuall pride
 And dimpled cheekes rowles ſleeping to the tyde,
 And leſſer ſprings, which ayrie-breeding Woods,
 Preferre as hand-maides to the mighty floods,
 Scarce fill vp halfe their channels, making haſte
 (In feare, as boyes) leaſt all the ſport be paſt.

Now was the *Lord* and *Lady* of the *May*
 Meeting the *May-pole* at the breake of day,

And

And *Calia* as the fairest on the Greene,
 Not without some Maids enuy chosen *Queene*.
 Now was the time com'n when our gentle Swaine
 Must inne his haruest or lose all againe.
 Now must he plucke the Rose least other hands,
 Or tempests blemish what so fairely stands:
 And therefore as they had before decreed
 Our shepheard gets a Boate, and with all speede
 In night (that doth on Louers actions smile)
 Arriu'd safe on *Mona's* fruitfull Ile.

Betweene two Rockes (immortall, without mother)
 That stand as if out-facing one another,
 There ran a *Creeke* vp, intricate and blinde,
 As if the waters hid them from the winde,
 Which neuer wash'd but at a higher Tyde
 The frizled coates which doe the mountaines hide,
 Where neuer gale was longer knowne to stay
 Then from the smooth waue it had swept away
 The new diuorced leaues, that from each side
 Left the thicke boughes to dance out with the tyde.
 At further end the *Creeke*, a stately Wood
 Gaue a kinde shadow (to the brackish Flood)
 Made vp of trees, not lesse kend by each skiffe
 Then that sky-scaling *Pike of Tenerife*,
 Vpon whose tops the *Hernes* bred her young,
 And hoary mosse vpon their branches hung:
 Whose rugged ryndes sufficient were to shew
 Without their height, what time they gan to grow.
 And if dry eld by wrinkled skinne appears
 None could allot them lesse then *Nestor's* yeares.
 As vnder their command the thronged *Creeke*
 Ran lessened vp. Here did the Shepheard seeke
 Where he his little Boate might safely hide,
 Till it was fraught with what the world beside
 Could not outvaleur; nor giue equall weight
 Though in the time when *Greece* was at her height.

The ruddy Horses of the *Rosie Morne*
 Out of the Easterne gates had newly borne
 Their blushing *Mistresse* in her golden Chair
 Spreading new light throughout our *Hemisphere*.

When fairest *Calia* with a louelyer crew
 Of *Damfels* then braue *Latmus* euer knew,
 Came forth to meet the *Tounsters*; who had here
 Cut downe an *Oake* that long withouten peere
 Bore his round head imperiously aboute
 His other Mates there, consecrate to *Ioue*.
 The wished time drew on : and *Calia* now
 (That had the fame for her white arched brow)
 While all her louely fellowes busied were
 In picking off the *Iems* from *Tellus* haire,
 Made tow'rs the Creeke, where *Philocel* vnspide,
 (Of Maid or Shepheard that their May-games plide)
 Receiu'd his with'd-for *Calia*; and begun
 To steere his Boate contrary to the *Sun*,
 Who could haue with'd another in his place
 To guide the Carre of light, or that his race
 Were to haue end (so he might blesse his hap)
 In *Calia's* bosome, not in *Thetis* lap.
 The Boate oft danc'd for ioy of what it held.
 The hoyft-vp Saile, not quicke but gently sweld,
 And often shooke, as fearing what might fall,
 Ere she deliuer'd what she went withall.
 Winged * *Argestes* faire *Aurora's* sonne,
 Licenc'd, that day to leaue his Dungeon,
 Meekely attended, and did neuer erre
 Till *Calia* grac'd our Land and our Land her.
 As through the waues their loue-fraught Wherry ran
 A many *Cupids*, each set on his *Swan*,
 Guided with reynes of gold and siluer twist
 The spotlesse Birds, about them, as they list,
 Which would haue sung a *Song* (ere they were gone)
 Had vnkinde *Nature* giuen them more then one;
 Or in bestowing that, had not done wrong,
 And made their sweet liues forsaite, one sad song.
 Yet that their happy Voyage might not be
 Without *Tymes* shortner, *Heau'n-taught Melodie*,
 (*Musicke* that lent feet to the fable Woods,
 And in their currents turn'd the mightie Floods,
 Sorrowes sweet Nurse, yet keeping Ioy aliue,
 Sad discontent's most welcome Corraliue,

* The Western
 wind. And sup-
 posed (with the
 Stars) the birth
 of *Aurora* by
Astræus, as
Apollodorus :
 Ἡὸς δὲ καὶ
 Ἀστροῖον ὄν-
 του καὶ Ἀστροῦ.

The

The soule of Art, best lou'd when Loues are by,
 The kinde inspirer of sweet *Poesie*,
 Least thou should'st wanting be, when Swans would faine
 Haue sung one Song, and neuer sung againe)
 The gentle Shepheard hasting to the shore
 Began this *Lay*, and tym'd it with his Oare.

NEuermore let holy Dee
 O're other Riuers braue,
 Or boast how (in his iollity)
 Kings row'd upon his waue.
 But silent be, and euer know
 That Neptune for my Fare would row.

Those were Captiues. If he say
 That now I am no other,
 Yet she that beares my prisons key
 Is fairer then Loues Mother;
 A God tooke me, those one lesse high,
 They wore their bonds, so doe not I.

Swell then, gently swell yee Floods
 As proud of what yee beare,
 And Nymphes that in low corall Woods
 String Pearles upon your hayre,
 Ascend: and tell if ere this day
 A fayrer prize was seene at Sea.

See the Salmons leape and bound
 To please vs as wee passe,
 Each Mermaid on the Rockes around.
 Lets fall her brittle glasse.
 As they their beauties did despise.
 And lou'd no myrrour but your eyes.

Blow, but gently blow fayre winde
 From the forsaken shore,
 And be as to the Halcyon kinde,
 Till wee haue ferry'd o're:
 So mai'st thou still haue leane to blow,
 And fanne the way where she shall goe.

Floods

Floods, and Nymphes, and Windes, and all
 That see vs both together,
 Into a disputation fall;
 And then resolute me, whether
 The greatest kindnesse each can show,
 Will quit our trust of you or no.

Thus as a merry *Milke-maid* neate and fine
 Returning late from milking of her Kine,
 Shortens the dew'd way which she treads along
 With some selfe-pleasing-since-new-gotten Song,
 The Shepheard did their passage well beguile.
 And now the horned *Flood* bore to our Ile
 His head more high then hee had vs'd to doe,
 Except by *Cynthia's* newnesse forced to.
 Not *Ianuarie's* snow dissolv'd in Floods
 Makes *Thamar* more intrude on *Blanchden* Woods,
 Nor the concourse of waters when they fleece
 After a long Raine, and in *Seuerne* meete,
 Rais'th her intraged head to roote faire Plants,
 Or more affright her nigh inhabitants,
 (When they behold the waters rufully
 And saue the waters nothing else can see)
 Then *Neptunes* subiect now, more then of yore:
 As loath to set his burden soone on shore.

O *Neptune*! hadst thou kept them still with thee,
 Though both were lost to vs, and such as wee,
 And with those beauteous birds which on thy breast
 Get and bring vp; afforded them a rest;
Delos, that long time wandring piece of earth
 Had not beene fam'd more for *Diana's* birth;
 Then those few planckes that bore them on the Seas,
 By the blest issue of two such as these.

But they were landed: so are not our woes,
 Nor euer shall, whilst from an eye there flowes
 One drop of moysture; to these present times
 We will relate, and some sad Shepheards rymes
 To after ages may their *Fates* make knowne,
 And in their depth of sorrow drowne his owne.
 So our Relation and his mournfull Verse,
 Of teares, shall force such tribute to their *Herse*,

That

That not a private griefe shall euer thrive
But in that deluge fall, yet this survive.

Two furlongs from the shore they had not gone,
When from a low-cast Valley (hauing on
Each hand a woody hill, whose boughes vnlopt
Haue not alone at all times sadly dropt,
And turn'd their stormes on her deiected brest,
But when the fire of heauen is ready prest
To warme and further what it should bring forth,
(For lowly Dales mate Mountaines in their worth)
The Trees (as screenlike *Greatnesse*) shades his raye,
As it should shine on none but such as they)
Came (and full sadly came) a haplesse *Wretch*,
Whose walkes and pastures once were knowne to stretch
From *East* to *West* so farre that no dyke ran
For noted *bounds*, but where the *Ocean*
His wrathfull billowes thrust, and grew as great
In sholes of Fish as were the others Neate.
Who now deiected and depriu'd of all
Longs (and hath done so long) for funerall.

For as with hanging head I haue beheld
A widdow *Vine*, stand, in a naked field,
Vnhusbanded, neglected, all forlorne,
Brouz'd on by *Deere*, by Cattle cropt and torne,
Vnpropt, vnsuccoured by stake or tree,
From wreakefull stormes impetuous tyranny,
When had a willing hand lent kinde redresse,
Her pregnant *bunches* might from out the Presse
Haue sent a liquour both for taste and show
No lesse diuine then those of *Malligo*:
Such was this *wight*, and such she might haue beene.
Shee both th'extreames hath felt of *Fortunes* teene,
For neuer haue we heard from times of yore,
One sometime enuy'd and now pitt'y'd more.
Her obiect, as her state, is, low as earth;
Prination her companion; thoughts of mirth
Irkesome; and in one selfe-same circle turning,
With sodaine sports brought to a house of mourning.
Of others good *her* best beliefe is still
And constant to her owne in nought but ill.

The

The onely enemy and friend she knowes
 Is Death, who though deferres must end her woe.
 Her contemplation frightfull as the night.
 She neuer lookes on any liuing wight
 Without comparison; and as the day
 Giues vs, but takes the *Glowwormes* light away :
 So the least ray of Blisse on others throwne
 Deprives and blindes all knowledge of her owne.
 Her comfort is (if for her any be)
 That none can shew more cause of griefe then she.
 Yet somewhat she of aduersē *Fate* hath wonne,
 Who had vndone her were she not vndone.
 For those that on the *Sea of Greatnesse* ryde
 Farre from the quiet shore; and where the tyde
 In ebbs and floods is ghes'd, not truely knowne;
 Expert of all estates except her owne;
 Keeping their station at the Helme of State,
 Not by their Vertues but auspicious *Fate*,
 Subiect to calmes of fauour stormes of rage,
 Their actions noted as the common Stage,
 Who, like a man borne blinde that cannot be
 By demonstration shewne what 'tis to see,
 Liue still in Ignorance of what they want,
 Till *Misery* become the *Adamant*,
 And touch them for that poynt, to which, with speede,
 None comes so sure as by the hand of *Neede*.
 A *Mirroure* strange she in her right hand bore,
 By which her friends from flatterers heretofore
 She could distinguish well; and by her side,
 (As in her full of happinesse) vntyde,
 Vnforc'd, and vncompel'd, did sadly goe
 (As if partaker of his *Mistresse* woe)
 A louing *Spannyell*, from whose rugged backe
 (The onely thing (but death) she moanes to lacke)
 She pluckes the hayre, and working them in pleats
 Furtheres the suite which *Modestie* intreates.
 Men call her *Athliot* : who cannot be
 More wretched made by *infelicitie*,
 Vnlesse she here had an immortall breath
 Or liuing thus, liu'd timorous of death.

Out of her lowly and forsaken dell
 Shee running came, and cryde to *Philocel*,
 He!pe! he!pe! kinde shepheard he!pe! see yonder where
 A louely *Lady* hung vp by the hayre,
 Struggles, but mildely struggles with the *Fates*,
 Whose thread of life spun to a thread that mates
 Dame *Natures* in her haire, staves them to wonder
 While too fine twisting makes it break in sunder.
 So shrinks the *Rose* that with the flames doth meet;
 So gently bowes the *Virgin* parchment sheet,
 So rowle the waues vp and fall out againe,
 As all her beautious parts, and all in vaine.
 Farre, farre, about my he!pe or hope in trying,
 Vnknowne, and so more miserably dying,
 Smothering her torments, in her panting brest
 Shee meekely waites the time of her long rest.
 Hasten! o hasten then! kinde Shepheard haste.

He went with her: And *Calia* (that had grac'd
 Him past the world besides) seeing the way
 He had to goe, not farre, rests on the lay.

'Twas neere the place where *Pans* transformed Loue
 Her gilded leaues displaid, and boldly stroue
 For lustre with the *Sun*: a sacred tree
 (Pa!d round) and kept from violation free:
 Whose smallest spay rent off, we neuer prize
 At lesse then life. Here, though her heavenly eyes
 From him she lou'd could scarce afford a light,
 (As if for him they onely had their light)
 Those kinde and brighter Starres were knowne to erre
 And to all misery betrayed her.
 For turning them aside, she (haplesse) spies
 The *holy Tree*, and (as all *novelties*
 In tempting women haue small labour lost
 Whether for value nought, or of more cost)
 Led by the hand of vncontroll'd desire
 She rose, and thither went. A wrested Bryre
 Onely kept close the gate which led into it,
 (Easie for any all times to vndoe it,
 That with a pious hand hung on the tree
 Garlands or raptures of sweet *Poesie*)

R

Which

Which by her opened, with vnweeting hand,
 A little spray she pluckt, whose rich leaues fan'd
 And chatterd with the ayre, as who should say
 Doe not for once, & doe not this bewray!
 Nor giue sound to a tongue for that intent!
 "Who ignorantly sinnes dyes innocent:
 By this was *Philocel* returning backe,
 And in his hand the *Lady*; for whose wrack
Nature had cleane forsworne to frame a wight
 So wholly pure, so truely exquisite:
 But more deform'd, and from a rough-hewne mold,
 Since what is best liues seldome to be old,
 Within their sight was fayrest *Calia* now;
 Who drawing neere, the life-priz'd golden bough
 Her Loue beheld. And as a Mother kinde
 What time the new-cloath'd trees by gusts of winde
 Vnmou'd, stand wistly listning to those layes
 The feather'd Quiristers vpon their sprays
 Chaunt to the merry *Spring*, and in the *Even*
 She with her little *sonne* for pleasure giuen,
 To tread the fring'd banckes of an amorous flood,
 That with her musicke courts a fullen wood,
 Where euer talking with her onely blisse
 That now before and then behinde her is,
 Shee stoopes for flowres the choicest may be had,
 And bringing them to please her prittie *Lad*,
 Spyes in his hand some banefull flowre or weed,
 Whereon he gins to smell, perhaps to feede,
 With a more earnest haste she runs vnto him,
 And puls that from him which might else vndoe him:
 So to his *Calia* hastned *Philocel*,
 And raught the bough away. Hid it: and fell
 To question if she broke it, or if then
 An eye beheld her? Of the race of men
 (Replide she) when I tooke it from the tree
 Assure your selfe was none to testifie,
 But what hath past since in your hand, behold
 A fellow running yonder o're the *Wold*
 Is well inform'd of. Can there (*Loue*) insue
 Tell me! oh tell me! any wrong to you,

By what my hand hath ignorantly done?
 (Quoth fearefull *Calia*) *Philocel*! be wonne,
 By these vnfaigned teares, as I by thine,
 To make thy greatest sorrowes partly mine!
 Cleere vp these thowres (my *Sun*) quoth *Philocel*,
 The ground it needes not. Nought is so from *Well*
 But that reward and kinde intreaties may
 Make smooth the front of wrath, and this allay.
 Thus wisely he suppress't his height of woe,
 And did resolute since none but they did know
 Truly who rent it: And the hatefull Swaine
 That late past by them vpon the plaine
 (Whom well hee knew did beare to him a hate,
 (Though vnderferued) so inueterate
 That to his utmost powre he would assay
 To make his life haue ending with that day.)
 Except in his, had seene it in no hand,
 That *hee* against all throes of *Fate* would stand,
 Acknowledge it his deede, and so afford
 A passage to his heart for *Iustice* sword,
 Rather then by *her* losse the world should be
 Dispis'd and scorn'd for loosing such as the.

Now (with a vow of secrecy from *both*)
 Inforcing mirth, he with them homewards go'th;
 And by the time the shades of mighty woods
 Began to turne them to the *Easterne Floods*,
 They thither got: where with vndaunted hart
 He welcomes both; and freely doth impart
 Such dainties as a Shepherds cottage yeelds
 Tane from the fruitfull woods and fertile fields;
 No way distracted nor disturb'd at all.
 And to preuent what likely might befall
 His truest *Calia*, in his apprehending
 Thus to all future care gaue finall ending:
 Into their cup (wherein for such sweet Girles
 Nature would *Myriades* of richest *Pearles*
 Dissolue, and by her powrefull simples strue
 To keepe them still on earth, and still aliue)
 Our Swaine infus'd a powder, which they dranke:
 And to a pleasant *roome* (set on a banke

Neere to his Coate, where he did often vse
 At vacant houres to entertaine his *Muse*)
 Brought them, and seated on a curious bed
 Till what he gaue in operation sped,
 And rob'd them of his sight, and him of theirs,
 Whose new inlightning will be quench'd with teares.

The *Glasse of Time* had well-nye spent the *Sand*
 It had to run, ere with impartiall hand
Iustice must to her vpriight *Ballance* take him.
 Which he (afraid it might too soone forsake him)
 Began to vse as quickly as perceiue,
 And of his Loue thus tooke his latest leaue.

Celia ! thou fairest creature euer eye
 Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie !
Celia that hast but iust so much of earth,
 As makes thee capable of death ! Thou birth
 Of euery Vertue, life of euery good !
 Whose chastest sports, and daily taking food
 Is imitation of the highest powres,
 Who to the earth lend seasonable showres,
 That it may beare, wee to their Altars bring
 Things worthy their accept, our offering.
 I the most wretched creature euer eye
 Beheld, or yet put on mortalitie,
 Vnhappy *Philocel*, that haue of earth
 Too much to giue my sorrowes endlesse birth,
 The spring of sad misfortunes; in whom lyes
 No blisse that with thy worth can sympathize,
 Clouded with woe that hence will neuer flit
 Till deaths eternall night grow one with it,
 I as a dying *Swan* that sadly sings
 Her moanefull *Dirge* vnto the siluer springs,
 Which carelesse of her Song glide sleeping by
 Without one murmure of kinde *Elegie*,
 Now stand by thee; and as a *Turtles mate*
 With lamentations inarticulate,
 The neere departure from her loue bemonies
 Spend these my bootles sighes and killing grones.
 Here as a man (by *Iustice* doome) exile
 To Coastes vnknowne, to Desarts rough and wilde

Stand

Stand I to take my latest leaue of thee :
Whose happy and heauen-making company
Might I inioy in *Libia's* Continent,
Were blest fruition and not banishment.
First of those *Eyes* that haue already tane
Their leaue of mee : *Lamps* fitting for the *Phane*
Of heauens most powre, and which might ne're expire
But be as sacred as the *Vestall fire*.
Then of those plots, where halfe-Ros'd Lillies be
Not one by *Art* but *Natures* industry,
From which I goe as one excluded from
The taintlesse flowres of blest *Elizium*.
Next from those *Lips* I part, and may there be
No one that shall hereafter second mee !
Guiltlesse of any kisses but their owne,
Their sweets but to themselues to all vnkowne:
For should our Swaines diuulge what sweets there be
Within the Sea-clipt bounds of *Britanie*,
We should not from inuasions be exempted;
But with that prize would all the world be tempted.
Then from her *hart* : ô no ! let that be neuer
For if I part from thence I dye for euer.
Bethat the *Record* of my loue and name !
Be that to me as is the *Phoenix* flame !
Creating still anew what *Iustice* doome
Must yeeld to dust and a forgotten toombe.
Let thy chaste loue to me (as shadowes run
In full extent vnto the setting Sun)
Meet with my fall; and when that I am gone
Backe to thy selfe retyre, and there grow one;
If to a second light thy shadow be,
Let him still haue his ray of loue from mee;
And if as I, that likewise doe decline,
Be mine or his, or else be his and mine.
But know no other, nor againe be sped,
"She dyes a virgin that but knowes one bed.
And now from all at once my leauc I take,
With this petition, that when thou shalt wake,
My teares already spent may serue for thine !
And all thy sorrowes be excus'd by mine !

Yea

Yea, rather then my losse should draw on hers,
 (Heare Heauen the suite which my sad soule preferres !)
 Let this her slumber like *Oblivions streame*,
 Make her beleue our loue was but a dreame !
 Let me be dead in her as to the earth.
 Ere Nature loose the grace of such a birth.
 Sleepe thou sweet soule from all disquiet free,
 And since I now beguile thy destiny, -
 Let after patience in thy brest arise,
 To giue his name a life who for thee dyes.
 He dyes for thee that worthy is to dye,
 Since now in leauing that sweet harmonie
 Which Nature wrought in thee, hee drawes not to him
 Enough of sorrow that might streight vndoe him.
 And haue for meanes of death his parting hence,
 So keeping Iustice still in Innocence.

Here staid his tongue, and teares anew began.
 "Parting knowes more of griefe then absence can.
 And with a backward pace, and lingring eye
 Left and for euer left their company.

By this the curs'd *Informer* of the *deede*
 With wings of mischief (and those haue most speede)
 Vnto the *Priests* of *Pan* had made it knowne.
 And (though with griefe enough) were thither flowne
 With strickt command the Officers that be
 As hands of *Iustice* in her each decree.
 Those vnto iudgement brought him : where accus'd
 That with vnhappy hand he had abus'd
 The *holy Tree*; and by the oath of him
 Whose eye beheld the seperated limb,
 All doubts dissolu'd; quicke iudgement was awarded,
 (And but last night) that hither strongly guarded
 This morne he should be brought; and from yond rocke,
 (Where euery houre new store of mourners flocke)
 Hee should be head-long throwne (too hard a doome)
 To be depriu'd of life; and dead, of toombe.

This is the cause faire *Goddesse* that appears
 Before you now clad in an old mans teares,
 Which willingly flow out, and shall doe more
 Then many *Winters* haue seene heretofore.

But

But *Father* (quoth she) let me vnderstand
How you are sure that it was *Calis's* hand
Which rent the branch; and then (if you can) tell
What *Nymph* it was which neere the lonely *Dell*
Your shepheard succour'd. Quoth the good old man :
The last time in her *Orbe* pale *Cynthia* ran,
I to the prison went, and from him knew
(Vpon my vow) what now is knowne to you.
And that the Lady which he found distrest
Is *Fida* call'd; a Maide not meanely blest
By heauens endowments, and. Alas ! but see
Kinde *Philocel* ingirt with miserie,
More strong then by his bonds, is drawing nigh
The place appointed for his tragedie :
You may walke thither and behold his fall;
While I come neere enough, yet not at all.
Nor shall it neede I to my sorrow knit
The griefe of knowing with beholding it.

The *Goddesse* went : (but ere she came did shrowde
Her selfe from euery eye within a *cloud*)
Where she beheld the *Shepheard* on his way,
Much like a *Bridegroom*e on his marriage-day;
Increasing not his miserie with feare.
Others for him, but he shed not a teare.
His knitting sinewes did not tremble ought,
Nor to vnusuall palpitation brought
Was or his heart or lyuer, nor his eye,
Nor tongue, nor colour shew'd a dread to dye.
His resolution keeping with his spirit,
(Both worthy him that did them both inherit)
Held in subiection euery thought of feare,
Scorning so base an executioner.

Some time he spent in speech; and then began
Submissely prayer to the name of *Pan*,
When sodainly this cry came from the *Plaines* :
From guiltlesse blood be free yee *Brittish* Swaines !
Mine be those bonds, and mine the death appoynted !
Let me be head-long throwne, these limbes disioynted !
Or if you needes must hurle him from that brim,
Except I dye there dyes but part of him.

Doe then right *Justice* and performe your oath!
Which cannot be without the death of both.

Wonder, drew thitherward their drowned eyes,
And *Sorrow Philocels*. Where he espies,
What he did onely feare, the beauteous Maide,
His wofull *Calis*, whom (ere night arraid
Last time the world in sure of mournefull blacke,
More darke then vse, as to bemone their wracke)
He at his cottage left in sleepes soft armes,
By powre of simples, and the force of charmes,
Which time had now dissolu'd, and made her know
For what intent her Loue had left her so.
Shee staide not to awake her *mate* in *sleep*,
Nor to bemone her *Fate*. She scorn'd to weepe,
Or haue the passion that within her lyes
So distant from her heart as in her eyes.
But rending of her hayre, her throbbing brest
Beating with ruthlesse strokes, she onwards prest
As an iraged furious Lioneffe,
Through vncouth treadings of the wildernesse,
In hote pursute of her late missed broode.
The name of *Philocel* speakes euery wood,
And she begins it still, and still her pace.
Her face deckt anger, anger deckt her face.
So ran distracted *Hecuba* along
The streetes of *Troy*. So did the people throng
With helpelesse hands and heauy hearts to see
Their wofull ruine in her progenie.
As harmlesse flockes of sheepe that neerely fed
Vpon the open plaines wide scattered,
Ran all afront, and gaz'd with earnest eye
(Not without teares) while thus shee passed by.
Springs that long time before had held no drop,
Now welled forth and ouer-went the top,
Birds left to pay the Spring their wonted vowes,
And all forlorne sate drooping on the boughes.
Sheepe, Springs and Birds, nay trees vnwonted grones
Bewail'd her chance, and forc'd it from the stones.

Thus came she to the place (where aged men
Maidens, and wiues, and youth and children

That

That had but newly learnt their Mothers name,
Had almost spent their teares before she came.)
And those her earnest and related words
Threw from her brest; and vnto them affords
These as the meanes to further her pretence:
Receiue not on your soules, by Innocence
Wrong'd, lasting staines; which from a sluice the *Sea*
May still wash o're but neuer wash away.
Turne all your wraths on mee; for here behold
The hand that tore your sacred *Tree of gold*;
These are the feete that led to that intent
Mine was th'offence, be mine the punishment.
Long hath he liu'd among you and he knew
The danger imminent that would insue;
His vertuous life speakes for him, heare it then!
And cast not hence the miracle of men!
What now he doth is through some discontent,
Mine was the fact, be mine the punishment!
What certaine death could neuer make him doe
(With *Calia's* losse) her presence forc'd him to.
She that could cleere his greatest clouds of woes,
Some part of woman made him now disclose,
And shew'd him all in teares: And for a while
Out of his heart vnable to exile
His troubling thoughts in words to be conceiu'd;
But weighing what the world should be bereau'd,
He of his sighes and throbs some license wanne,
And to the sad spectators thus beganne:
Hasten! ô haste! the houre's already gone,
Doe not deferre the execution!
Nor make my patience suffer ought of wrong!
'Tis nought to dye, but to be dying long!
Some fit of Frenzy hath possesst the Maid,
She could not doe it; though she had affaid,
No bough growes in her reach; nor hath the tree
A spray so weake to yeeld to such as shee.
To winne her loue I broke it, but vnknowne
And vndesir'd of her; Then let her owne
No touch of preiudice without consent,
Mine was the fact be mine the punishment!

O ! who did euer such contention see
 Where death stood for the prize of victory ?
 Where loue and strife were firme and truly knowne,
 And where the victor must be ouerthrowne ?
 Where both persude, and both held equall strife
 That life should further death, death further life.

Amazement stricke the multitude. And now
 They knew not which way to performe their vow.
 If only *one* should be depriu'd of breath,
 They were not certaine of th'offenders death;
 If *both* of them should dye for that offence
 They certainly shou'd murder *Innocences*,
 If *none* did suffer for it, then there ran
 Vpon their heads the wrath and curse of *Pan*.
 This much perplex'd and made them to deferre
 The deadly hand of th'Executioner,
 Till they had sent an Officer to know
 The *Judges* wils : (and those with *Fates* doe goe)
 Who backe return'd, and thus with teares began :
 The Substitutes on earth of mighty *Pan*,
 Haue thus decreed; (although the one be free)
 To cleare themselues from all impunitie,
 If, who the offender is, no meanes procure,
 Th'offence is certaine, be their death as sure.
 This is their doome (which may all plagues preuent)
To haue the guilty, kill the innocent.

Looke as two little Lads (their parents treasure)
 Vnder a *Tutor* strictly kept from pleasure,
 While they their new-giuen lesson closely scan
 Heare of a message by their fathers man,
 That one of them, but which he hath forgot,
 Must come along and walke to some faire plot;
 Both haue a hope : their carefull *Tutor* loth
 To hinder eyther, or to license both;
 Sends backe the Messenger that he may know
 His Masters pleasure which of them must goe:
 While both his Schollers stand alike in feare
 Both of their freedome and abiding there,
 The Seruant comes and sayes that for that day
 Their Father wils to haue them both away :

Such

Such was the feare these louing soules were in
That time the messenger had absent bin.
But farre more was their ioy twixt one another,
In hearing neyther should out-live the other.

Now both intwinde, because no conquest wonne,
Yet eyther ruinde: *Philocel* begun
To arme his Loue for death: a roabe vnfit
Till *Hymens* saffron'd weede had vs her'd it.
My fayrest *Calia*! come; let thou and I,
That long haue learn'd to loue, now learne to dye;
It is a lesson hard if we discerne it,
Yet none is borne so soone as bound to learne it.
Vnpartiall *Fate* layes ope the *Booke* to vs,
And let vs con it still imbracing thus;
We may it perfect haue, and goe before
Those that haue longer time to reade it o're;
And wee had neede begin and not delay,
For 'tis our turne to reade it first to day.
Helpe when I misse, and when thou art in doubt
Ile be thy prompter, and will helpe thee out.
But see how much I erre: vaine *Metaphor*
And elocution *Destinies* abhorre.
Could Death be staide with words, or wonne with teares,
Or mou'd with beauty, or with vnripe yeeres;
Sure thou couldst doe't; this Rose, this Sun-like eye
Should not so soone be quell'd, so quickly dye.
But we must dye my *Loue*; not thou alone,
Nor onely I, but both; and yet but one.
Nor let vs grieve; for we are marryed thus,
And haue by death what life denyed vs.
It is a comfort from him more then due;
"Death seuers many, but he couples few.
Life is a *Flood* that keepes vs from our blisse,
The *Ferriman* to waft vs thither, is
Death, and none else; the sooner we get o're
Should we not thanke the *Ferriman* the more?
Others intreat him for a passage hence,
And groane beneath their griefes and impotence,
Yet (mercilesse) he lets those longer stay,
And sooner takes the happy man away.

Some little happinesse haue thou and I,
 Since wee shall dye before we wish to dye.
 Should we here longer liue, and haue our dayes
 As full in number as the most of these,
 And in them meet all pleasures may betide,
 We gladly might haue *liu'd* and *patient dyde*:
 When now our fewer yeeres made long by cares
 (That without age can snow downe siluer haire)
 Make all affirme (which doe our griefes discry)
 We *patiently* did *liue*, and *gladly dye*.
 The difference (my Loue) that doth appeare
 Betwixt our *Fates* and theirs that see vs here,
 Is onely this: the high-all-knowing powre
 Conceales from them, but tels vs our last howre.
 For which to *Heauen* wee farre-farre more are bound,
 Since in the howre of death wee may be found
 (By its prescience) ready for the hand
 That shall conduct vs to the *Holy-land*.
 When those, from whom that houre conceal'd is, may
 Euen in their height of Sinne be tane away.
 Besides to vs *Iustice* a friend is knowne,
 Which neyther lets vs dye nor liue alone.
 That we are forc'd to it cannot be held;
 "Who feares not Death, denyes to be compell'd.
 O that thou wert no *Actor* in this Play,
 My sweetest *Calia*! or diuorc'd away
 From me in this! ô Nature! I confesse
 I cannot looke vpon her heauinesse
 Without betraying that infirmitie
 Which at my birth thy hand bestow'd on mee.
 Would I had dyde when I receiu'd my birth!
 Or knowne the graue before I knew the earth!
 Heauens! I but one life did receiue from you,
 And must so short a loane be paid with two?
 Cannot I dye but like that brutish stem
 Which haue their best belou'd to dye with them?
 O let her liue! some blest powre heare my cry!
 Let *Calia* liue and I contented dye.
 My *Philocel* (quoth she) neglect these throes!
 Aske not for mee, nor adde not to my woes!

Can there be any life when thou art gone?
Nay, can there be but desolation?
Art thou so cruell as to wish my stay,
To waite a passage at an vknowne day?
Or haue me dwell within this Vale of woe
Excluded from those ioyes which thou shalt know?
Enuy not mee that blisse! I will assay it,
My loue deserues it, and thou canst not stay it.
Iustice! then take thy doome; for we entend
Except both liue, no life; one loue, one end.

Thus with imbraces, and exhorting other,
With teare-dew'd kisses that had powre to smother;
Their soft and ruddy lips close ioyn'd with eyther,
That in their deaths their soules might meet together.
With prayers as hopefull as sincerely good,
Expecting death they on the Cliffes edge stood;
And lastly were (by one oft forcing breath)
Throwne from the Rocke into the armes of death.

Faire *Thetis* whose command the waues obey
Loathing the losse of so much worth as they,
Was gone before their fall; and by her powre
The Billowes (mercilesse, vs'd to deuoure,
And not to saue) she made to swell vp high,
Euen at the instant when the tragedy
Of those kinde soules should end: so to receiue them,
And keepe what crueltie would faine bereaue them.
Her hest was soone perform'd: and now they lay
Imbracing on the surface of the sea,
Voyd of all sence; a spectacle so sad
That *Thetis*, nor no *Nymph* which there she had,
Touch'd with their woes, could for a while retrain
But from their heauenly eyes did sadly raine
Such showres of teares (so powrefull since diuine)
That euer since the *Sea* doth taste of *Bryne*.
With teares, thus, to make good her first intent
She both the *Louers* to her Chariot hent:
Recalling *Life* that had not cleerely tane
Full leaue of his or her more curious *Phane*,
And with her praise sung by these thankfull payre
Steer'd on her Coursers (swift as fleeting ayre)

Towards